

THE REISSUE OF

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

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Re-establishment of the Republic of Santo Domingo.

SPAIN, after an inglorious struggle of three years, during which the whole power of the Peninsula was brought to bear upon a petty State of little over 200,000 souls, has been forced to abandon its pretensions in Santo Domingo, and to retire from a contest, which she wantonly provoked, in shame and confusion. It will be remembered that, immediately on the outbreak of our great civil war, when all Europe supposed that our power was completely broken, Spain hastened to reassert her authority over her ancient possessions, and, availing herself of the aid of a few traitors in Santo Domingo, declared the extinction of that little Republic, and its reannexation to the crown. The royal decree to that effect was dated May 19, 1861, and a pompous occupation of the territory was made, under the most mendacious pretensions that it was in consonance with the popular wish. The apparent ease with which the change was effected inflamed the imagination and excited the cupidity of every European cabinet, and

the notion of a partition of the American continent among the "princes and powers" of the Old World took form and body. France, always jealous of the colonial greatness of England, and believing that her vast wealth was mainly derived from her dependencies, pounced eagerly on Mexico, in the expectation of ob-

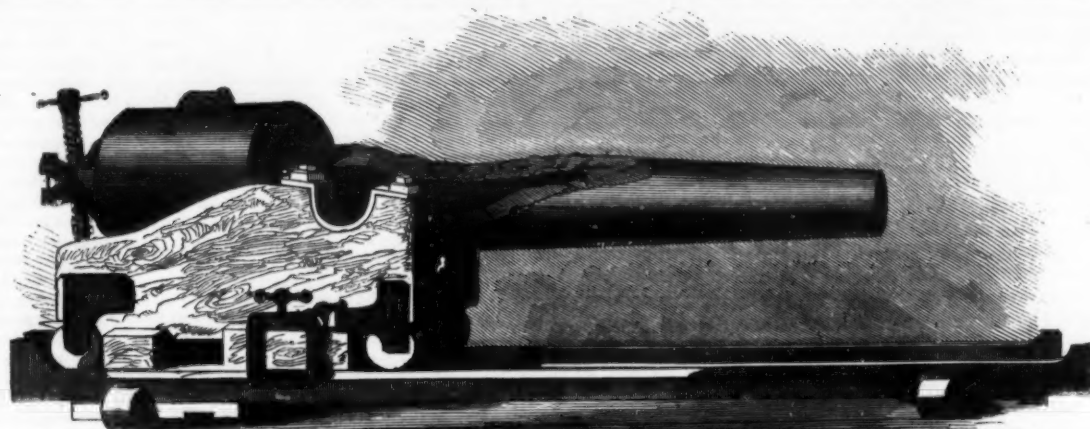
taining there that India which she had sought for in vain in Africa, while elated Spain began to dream of again spreading her Vice-Royalties over South America.

All these assumptions and hopes were based on the probable disruption and extinction of the American Union, and upon the supposed

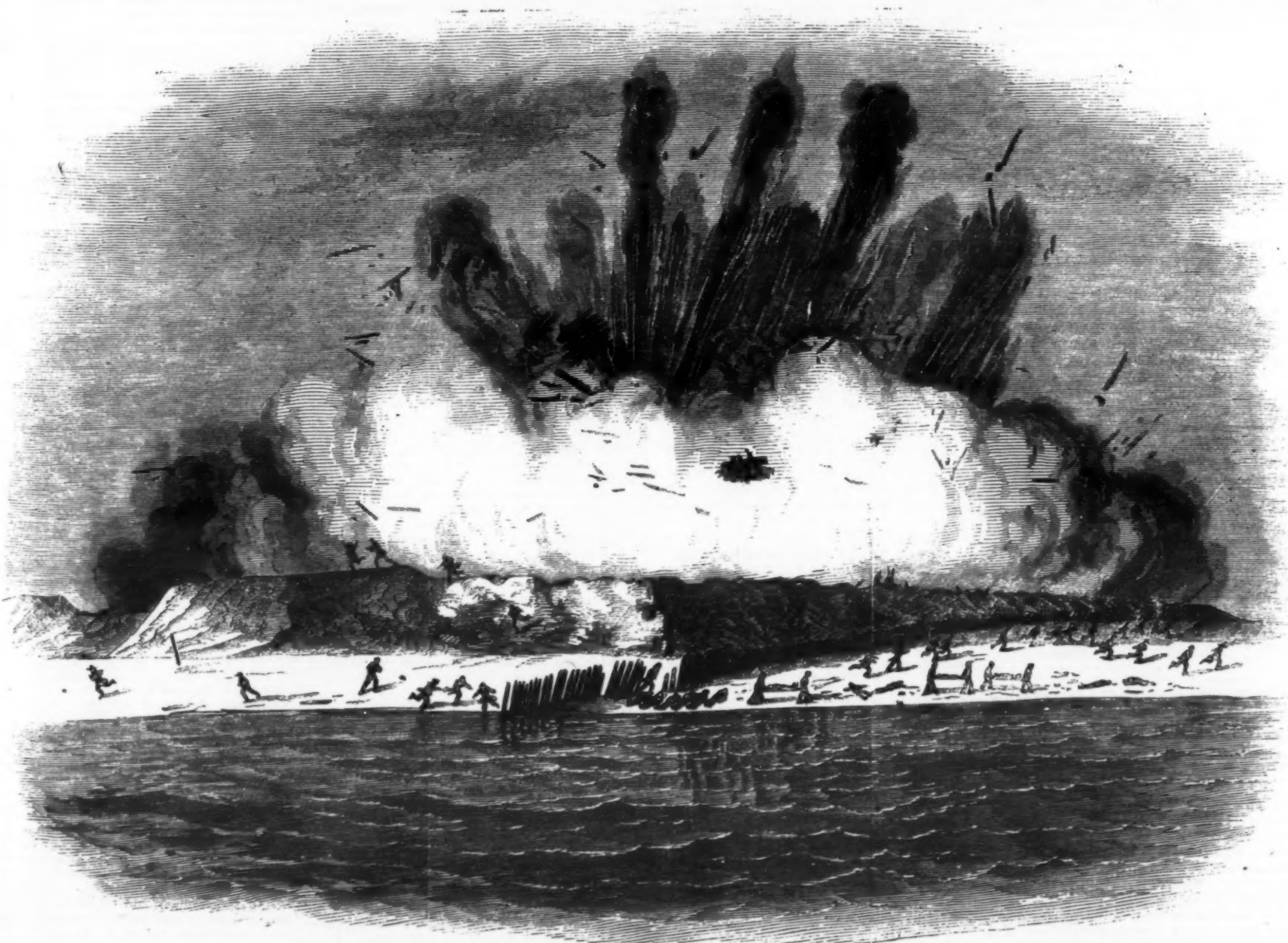
which, with true Bourbon obstinacy, would have continued the costly, bloody and futile struggle.

The Narvaex ministry, which has taken the responsibility of the present step, has had the wisdom to act on the advice of Hamlet to his wanton mother, and "affect a virtue" though

incapacity of the Hispano-American Republics to resist any assault on their independence. Four years of war have, however, only served to develop the power of the United States, and the struggle in Santo Domingo has shown the utter impotence of any European power to hold even the weakest of the American States in opposition to the will of its people. It is roughly computed that Spain has lost 40,000 men and forty millions of dollars in her cruel assault on the independence of Santo Domingo, and the last mail from Europe brings us the news that the Spanish Government has finally resolved to abandon the contest. This decision was reached at the cost of what was called a "cabinet crisis," and in opposition to the wishes of the crown—



PARROTT GUN ON THE U. S. S. SUSQUEHANNA, BURST DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENSON LAYCOCK.



EXPLOSION OF POWDER MAGAZINE IN FORT FISHER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C., AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE FEDERAL FORCES, JAN. 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENSON LAYCOCK.

it have it not. It has certainly covered its humiliating retreat with a rhetorical and very well affected show of reason and generosity. After setting forth how events have proved that the annexation of Santo Domingo was not, as had been represented, "the spontaneous and unanimous" act of the people, the Ministers declare that "it was a delusion to believe that the Dominican people, as a whole, or, in the great majority, desired, and, above all, demanded their annexation to Spain. That the struggle having become general, it does not now bear the character of a measure taken to subject a few discontented rebels, but of a war of conquest, completely foreign to the spirit of Spanish policy. That even by concentrating our efforts and sacrifices, in order to obtain a triumph, we should place ourselves in the sad position of holding the island entirely by military occupation, full of difficulties, and not exempt from dangerous complications; that even under the most favorable hypothesis that a portion of the population may show themselves devoted to us after victory, the governmental system that would have to be established in those dominions must either be little suitable to the usages and customs of the inhabitants, or very dissimilar to that of the other colonial provinces."

Hence they recommend a repeal of the decree of annexation, as a measure sanctioned by their own judgment, and meeting the approval of the Crown. We may, therefore, speedily expect the concurrence of the Cortes, and the restoration of heroic Santo Domingo to the ranks of the American Republics.

In this *renouement* we may read that of the equally wicked and absurd attempt to subvert the Republic in Mexico. It is utterly idle to represent that there is any concurrence of the Mexicans in the order of things at present partially imposed by French bayonets. No one is deceived by the falsehoods of the French press in this respect, and no one mistakes the echo raised by the miserable *claque* that Maximilian has taken out with him, for the voice of the Mexican people. The man who set up this gilded puppet knows how utterly baseless is his throne, and how soon it must topple over; and, if report speaks truly, he has made indecent haste to indemnify himself for his outlay, in the now obviously impracticable attempt to create a monarchy on this continent, by requiring his automaton to cede to him a portion of his mythical realm. It is alleged that the silver region of Sonora, the States of Durango, Chihuahua—in fact, that the whole northern part of Mexico has been made over to Louis Napoleon as an indemnity for debts pretended to be due from the old Republic and for expenses incurred in the establishment (?) of the so-called Empire. It is further said, that a late Senator of the United States from California, the mercenary Dr. Gwinn, whose principal use of his former high position was to levy a tax on legislation, is to administer the territory in behalf of the French Emperor. We are not inclined to put much confidence in these reports, not that they are not perfectly consonant with the policy and practice of the hero of Boulogne and Strasbourg, but because the scheme of building up a power in the deserts of northern Mexico to oppose the extension of the United States, or to act in any way as a counterpoise to it, is too preposterous to be entertained by any human being outside of a lunatic asylum. In a military sense the region referred to is indefensible. Its people can never be brought to a concurrence in the radical change which a French Government must impose. French emigrants never identify themselves with the soil to which adventure or interest may carry them, and neither assimilate others or are themselves assimilated. And, finally, it must be obvious that the United States, whatever may appear to be its present phlegm in matters of this kind, is pervaded with the purpose, and silently but firmly determined, to permit no extension of foreign power on this continent. Above all it can never tolerate any attempt to circumscribe or limit either its territory or influence, through concessions made by sceptreless monarchs, acting in the interests whether it be of a master or a confederate.

Summary of the War.

VIRGINIA.

The only event of the week in this department has been the raid of the rebel rams, as the Richmond press terms it—this we have illustrated and described in another part of our paper. With it is exception there has been a perfect quiet in the armies before Richmond and Petersburg.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

A portion of Sherman's army has taken possession of some of the main points on the railroad between Savannah and Charleston, but it is not known where Gen. Sherman intends to strike. The rebel papers recommend the destruction of the powder mills and other Government works at Augusta. The unsatisfactory condition of the rebel forces has resulted in the Congress creating the office of Commander-in-Chief, which Davis has, in obedience to the unmistakable public sentiment, declined to accept.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

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PART of the Smithsonian Institution building in Washington was destroyed by fire on the night of the 25th of January. Were it not that the complete destruction of the building would have entailed greater loss in the way of collections, pictures, books and instruments than actually occurred, it might be a matter of regret that the entire building was not consumed. As it was, the valuable collection of philosophical instruments, presented by Professor Hare of Philadelphia, was lost, together with the cabinet and other relics of Smithsonian, the founder of the institution. The so-called "Stanley Gallery" of paintings of the Indians, designed to preserve their features and characteristics—a fine idea miserably carried out—was also burnt. The Library of Bishop Johns, of Virginia, and the Beaufort (S. C.) Library, deposited here for safekeeping, shared the same fate, besides a number of fine paintings, pieces of statuary, etc. These are great and irreparable losses. But, as we said at the outset, it is a matter of regret that the building was not entirely destroyed; a still greater matter of regret that it was ever built. It was designed and erected under the supervision of that brilliant architectural genius who will be remembered as the author of that atrocity in the way of a fountain in the Bowling Green Park, which we believe was indicted as a nuisance and an outrage on public taste, and summarily removed in consequence. Human ingenuity could not have devised a more incongruous structure than was the Smithsonian Institution, and there seems to have been an almost fiendish desire as well as ability on the part of the architect to render it the most inappropriate and inconvenient possible, for the purposes to which it was to be dedicated. Among other wonderful adaptations was the putting of a large oriel window, with stained glass, in the gable of the saloon set apart as the "picture gallery"—a pretty and characteristic device, by means of which a portrait, for instance, when hung on the walls, would present violet hair, a yellow nose and lips of brilliant blue, as if the face had been rudely pushed through an undried rainbow!

It is to be hoped that the damage to the building is so great as to render its entire demolition necessary, in which case we may see an appropriate and convenient structure rise in its place, which shall be, withal, fireproof. The late flimsy, rambling, incoherent pile, a sort of modern Cretean Labyrinth, was equally unsubstantial and defective, and has entailed an irreparable loss on science, and an additional and well-deserved amount of disgrace on its designer.

The Smithsonian Institution was founded by James Smithson, a natural son of the late Duke of Northumberland, who bequeathed a sum of upwards of \$500,000 to the United States, for the purpose of creating "an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." How knowledge is to be "increased and diffused" has been a question which the Government wisely devolved on the Board of Regents. They have sought to carry out the wishes of the founder by encouraging original investigations and researches, publishing and distributing the results, by means of a free public library of scientific books, and by open lectures on scientific subjects. In all these respects the institution has been as successful, considering its relatively limited means and the wide demands made on it, as could be expected; and it is safe to say that its publications have added more to the sum of knowledge, since they were commenced, than those of any other society or institution whatever. A daily contemporary, noticing the accident to the building, takes occasion to reflect on the management of the institution for refusing to permit the prostitution of its lecture-room for partisan purposes—because, in fact, some anti-slavery propagandists were denied its use. Hence it is stigmatized as "Secesh" in its tendencies; an allegation equally unfounded and malicious. The

Regents of the institution are the President and heads of departments, and four members of the House of Representatives and the Senate, elected by those bodies respectively. Its Secretary and Assistant-Secretary are men of eminence in science, whose duty it is to see that the institution shall not be made the convenience of strolling lecturers on politics or religion, or on any other subject or matter not strictly scientific. All public institutions are apt to get to be conservative, or, in common phrase, "old-foggy," and it is not to be expected that the Smithsonian will reverse the rule. The time may, nevertheless, come, when it will so far unbend as to elect men under three score years as corresponding members. As the Spaniards say, "*Ojala!*"

Among the evidences of patriotism on the part of the people, there are none that have been more marked than the patience with which they have borne the many, we had almost said the constant, encroachments that have been made on individual and guaranteed rights during the years of war through which we have passed. Intelligent as patriotic, our citizens have felt the necessity of strengthening the Executive arm, even at the risk of abuses inseparable from the irresponsible exercise of power. They have cheerfully sacrificed their Anglo-Saxon jealousy of personal freedom to the exigencies of the times, and have said to those in authority, "Do as you please, but save the nation. We lay our lives, our fortunes, and our most cherished rights on the altar, a willing if a necessary sacrifice for our country's salvation." This noble abnegation has been often misunderstood by those in authority, and they have practised on the people's patience to the very limits of endurance. Were it not that there is an abiding faith, that, with the return of peace, the extraordinary powers with which the Government has been invested, or which it has assumed, would be retracted or quietly given up, there would be a manifestation of feeling, and a rebellion against the existing order of things, that would make every occupant of office, from the President downwards, tremble in his seat. Now that the late election has destroyed every organization in the interests of the rebellion that existed in the North, now that our armies in the field have driven their bayonets into the very heart of the insurrection, now that the integrity of the Union is assured, it becomes us to see that the things, without which even nationality loses its significance and value, are restored to us intact, and that the sacred heritages of our fathers come back to us in all their amplitude and purity. Assumption must not be allowed to take warrant from too long or too patient endurance.

The conviction is gaining ground, in fact it is universal, that the whole system of arrests and imprisonments, as practised by the heads of departments, must cease, or its exercise be greatly limited, on the ground that the occasion no longer calls for extraordinary measures. This conviction is fairly expressed in the late emphatic action of the House of Representatives, directing the Military Committee of that body, by a vote of 136 to 5, to inquire into the cases of persons in the military prisons of Washington, alleged to be confined there without just warrant, and held, without trial, beyond the time fixed by law, and in ignorance of the grounds of their detention. In the debate on the resolution directing this inquiry, it was stated, on the personal responsibility of members, that there are men who have been confined in these prisons for many months without a knowledge of the allegations, if any, against them, and to whose repeated petitions and demands for trial or discharge no response had been given. Should these allegations prove true, we hope the officers, high or low, on whose authority such outrages have been committed, will be held up unsparingly to public reprobation. Such acts can no longer be excused or palliated on the ground of public necessity.

In another part of this issue we present a picture of the 150-pound Parrott gun burst, on board the *Susquehanna*, during the second bombardment of Fort Fisher. During the first bombardment nearly our entire loss in killed and wounded was occasioned by the bursting of the 100-pound Parrotts, no less than six of them having failed in this manner. A commission, we believe, has been formed to inquire into these casualties, and it is to be hoped that it will be able to detect their occasion and suggest a remedy. Gen. Gillmore, probably our most accomplished artilleryman, tells us that we have no guns of large calibre which will endure "with certainty 800 or even 900 rounds." The siege of Charleston was not abandoned until after 23 of the Parrott 100 and 200-pounders had burst. The famous "Swamp Angel" battery, composed of one eight-inch rifle gun, exploded at the 36th fire, blowing out the entire breech at the rear of the vent, disheartening the men, and causing a suspension of the fire on the city. For purposes of offensive war, then, we must have rifled ordnance of greater power and endurance than any yet made; and this nation which shall be the first to produce guns "strong enough," in the language of Gen. Gillmore, "to sustain the repeated shock of at least 1,000 charges of powder, in as large quantities as can be burned with useful effect behind the projectile, and at any required elevation," must have a decided advantage over all others.

The Richmond newspapers compare their city to a "gigantic frogpond." They tell us that the men croak, the women croak and the children croak. The negroes are also making a general stampede, in view of a possible conscription of the negroes for service in the army. Croaking on the part of the whites, and a tendency towards "taking themselves off" on the part of the blacks, have come to be "a nuisance." No doubt of it.

There is something of the old Puritan etc.

altation of expression and earnestness in the brief proclamation of Gov. Fletcher, of Missouri, in officially promulgating the ordinance for the abolition of slavery in that State, recently adopted by the Constitutional Convention. He says:

"Now, therefore, by authority of the supreme executive power vested in me by the constitution of Missouri, I, Thomas C. Fletcher, Governor of the State of Missouri, do proclaim that henceforth and for ever no person within the jurisdiction of this State shall be subject to any abridgment of liberty, except such as the law shall prescribe for the common good, or know any master but God."

"INTERVENTION," with which we were so constantly threatened, during the first year of the war, seems to have disappeared from the European vocabulary. We hear no more about "inefficient blockades." But we would not, for the world, connect this moderation of tone, in the British and French press, with the statistics of our army and navy. We prefer to ascribe it to a returning appreciation of justice and national decorum. The possibility of a quarrel with either of the two great nations here named seems, therefore, at an end. We certainly have no notion of interfering with them; and we can conceive of no advantage to them which could accrue from interference with us. It is, of course, to be presumed that Canada will not permit itself to be used any more as a base for rebel operations; and it is equally expected that Louis Napoleon will make all reasonable haste in getting out of Mexico. The monarchy in Mexico will probably come to an end before we shall be ready to clap an extinguisher on it; but it behoves all parties interested, and especially the "nephew of his uncle," to abandon the tottering fabric in time, so as not to feel themselves called on to prop it up at the cost of a collision with the United States. It is clear that the scheme of again placing this continent under European rule is impracticable. The attempt to carry it out has developed the very power necessary to defeat it; and the best and wisest thing that the parties to the hopeless enterprise can do is to withdraw from it as gracefully and as speedily as possible. At present we are ready to accept the disclaimer of any such purpose with well-affected credulity; but later—well, then it will be a question for Grant and Farragut.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Our customary January thaw has been followed by even severer consequences than usual, for without the slightest warning we rushed from days of dreary, disagreeable drizzle to an extreme of cold which no living creature could consider endurable, unless it may have been the Polar bear down at Van Amburgh's.

Somebody once wrote—

"When north winds blow and hailstorms pour,
The chief of virtues is—to shut the door!"

The man who was delivered of that couplet deserves, in spite of its bad measure, to have a monument erected to his memory. Probably each person who has read the lines has felt that it touched his own particular case as closely as if it had been written for his especial benefit, for the fenshish carelessness that half the people who open the doors of one's sanctum show, in regard to shutting them, is a theme to which no human tongue could do justice.

Hard enough to attempt being brilliant when the ink is stagnant in the bottle, and poetry and wit are congealed in the brain; but, in addition to these woes, to have the door swing wide open and see the poor little idea there seemed a possibility of warming into life drift out upon the Arctic draught, is sufficient to reduce one to a state of hopeless imbecility in the flower of one's age.

Into the bargain, how is a man to write pleasant, chatty paragraphs when the world refuses to do anything extraordinary, and only the petty pleasures and vices that are as old as the flood thrust themselves forward in place of the startling events which ought constantly to happen?

The persistent lack of novelty in the theatrical and musical line is such hardheartedness towards those bound to chronicle the events of the hour, and forced to be amusing whether or no, that really it ought to be made punishable under a statute for ill-treatment of innocent animals.

Booth still at Winter Garden, charming all listeners with his rendition of the immortal's greatest character; the Williamses triumphant at Niblo's; Mrs. Wood cruelly absenting herself from public gaze, and making everybody absolutely hungry for the laugh which she and the imp of mischief that animate her alone can produce; a round of standard comedies at Wallack's; and so on through the list, which has been praised and criticised so often that human ingenuity and language must fail to twist the old story into a shape even approaching passable novelty.

Heller, it is true, has varied his diabolical programme occasionally, growing always more wonderful, and making one feel, while witnessing his performances, that it is highly probable the old gentleman himself may arise and grant one here the honor of a personal interview, which ought, by rights, to be reserved for another and a warmer sphere.

Owens has exchanged Solon Shingle in the full tide of its success for Paul Fry, and for a Paul so amusing that if it had been brought out first it would doubtless have rivalled Solon in popularity; but the truth is, when a man has made so decided a hit we are apt to grow faint-finding, and compare any later effort disparagingly with the one which first compelled our admiration.

We have at least the promise of an event in the theatrical world—the return of Mrs. Jean Devanport Lander to the stage. She will make her appearance at Niblo's on the 6th of February, in a play called "The Mistletoe," and a mingling of circumstances conspire to surround it with universal interest.

It is not only that the public will be delighted to witness the success of Paul Fry, and for a Paul so amusing that if it had been brought out first it would doubtless have rivalled Solon in popularity; but the truth is, when a man has made so decided a hit we are apt to grow faint-finding, and compare any later effort disparagingly with the one which first compelled our admiration.

We have at least the promise of an event in the theatrical world—the return of Mrs. Jean Devanport Lander to the stage. She will make her appearance at Niblo's on the 6th of February, in a play called "The Mistletoe," and a mingling of circumstances conspire to surround it with universal interest.

It is not only that the public will be delighted to witness the success of Paul Fry, and for a Paul so amusing that if it had been brought out first it would doubtless have rivalled Solon in popularity; but the truth is, when a man has made so decided a hit we are apt to grow faint-finding, and compare any later effort disparagingly with the one which first compelled our admiration.

a speedy approach, and balls and parties are hurried more closely together for fear that something in the way of excitement should be missed.

"Happy are those whose genius lodges in their throats or settles in their heels!" is so true of men and women in a professional sense that it might be a proverb—they shall attain to villas in Italian climes and palaces by the sea, and be idolized even to the utmost requirements of exacting human nature. It is equally true that those who excel in the vocal or salutory arts in an amateur way shall be petted and caressed, and made much of by that portion of the world which we are accustomed to call by the delightfully vague and doubtful term "society."

Certainly this is a thing to be remembered by all who have the training of youthful intellects, and every mother with a daughter to "bring out" should recollect that the highest state of cultivation is indispensable when the latent and latent are concerned, whatever may become of the mental or that seldom exhibited and still less believed in commodity, the soul, which even the bards of the latter half of the nineteenth century have given up, making their poetic ravings as thoroughly materialistic as the rest of the life which sweeps us on towards the gap over yonder.

This frightful cold must moderate enough soon to give a return of the sleighing which we enjoyed a few weeks since, of which, by the way, we have a spirited illustration in our paper.

The skating, of course, remains magnificent in our present Siberian state of climate, and every stage and car going Central Parkwards is crowded with young people, who act decidedly on the "beauty before age" maxim in the way of making themselves comfortable. The overflowing interiors of all these vehicles reminds one of Lamb's joke when seated in a crowded omnibus, and a woman put her head in, crying: "All full inside!" "I can't speak for the rest," returned the inveterate punster, "but that last bit of p-pudding at Gilman's did the b-business for me."

The Park ponds are crowded at all hours of the day and evening with merry parties, among which one should see an array of youthful female beauty that is perfectly dazzling. Whether or not it is owing to the faith in exercise and thick shoes which has grown up of late years, certain it is that the reproach in regard to the unhealthy, fragile appearance of American women will speedily die out, for among the galaxy of young beauties which New York can boast now England itself could not produce more healthful, buoyant-looking specimens.

The sudden increase in the way of pretty and buxom girls is almost as much of a marvel as the influx of blondes since the rage for that peculiar style of loveliness came up. Where were all the blondes before that time? Did a family that possessed one keep her in retirement? and if so, what a state of mind the brunette sister must be in who is obliged to resign her position as the pet of the domestic circle.

The bare idea suggests scenes which Thackeray ought to be alive to depict. Imagine a chamber sketch between the dethroned and the new crowned queens. Good gracious! how lucky that the greater part of the curls and catenars are so easily unpinned, so that the blonde could enter the arena already shorn of the golden locks which have unexpectedly proved such a treasure to herself and the hairdresser.

Talking of crowds, reminds one of a fair source of complaint, and that is in regard to the shameful way in which the ferryboats are overcrowded, and we may mention the Hoboken line in particular, where the boats go so crammed that even standing room is out of the question, the trip utter torture, and the getting on or off an undertaking so perilous that one needs to be a professional gymnast to attempt it with any sort of safety. Certainly some remedy could be devised, and we think the proprietors of the line would do well to heed this murmur from the united lamentations of the river-crossing public.

The mention of the ferries naturally gives one a mental trip to Brooklyn, which has been treated to "Pocahontas" by Mrs. Wood, whom we first reproached for deserting her proper sphere. The houses have been full to overflowing, and it is easy to fancy what a treat the Brooklynites had, for Davidge played Powhatan in that inimitable manner of his, which, like some few other excellent things, improves with every season, and would dissipate the most obstinate attack of blue devils that ever a nervous man had to contend against. If Davidge would only be as genial off the stage as he is jolly on it, he would soon be at the head of our comedians.

The draft creates great excitement in all circles, and the best way of settling that difficulty and ending our troubles generally seems to be found in a mission some funny man ascribes to Alexandre Dumas.

The illustrious is to begin a novel in a Federal newspaper, which Mr. Lincoln will dispatch beyond the lines in unlimited quantities; just when the whole South is in a state of intense excitement, the journal will cease its visits. Of course great consternation must follow—a deputation will be sent to Lincoln—back will go the crushing answer, "Dumas can't write for sleepwalkers." Davis refuses to give up his rights—the army revolt—put him utterly aside, and the South comes back into the Union. Then Dumas will finish the *feutiles*, restore peace, and the end will be a grand tableau of the illustrious on the Washington Monument, draped in the American flag and receiving the homage of a grateful people.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Although the lower House of the Kentucky Legislature has, on a test vote, declared against the anti-slavery constitutional amendment, the vote showed a gain of 12 members in its favor since last winter, and half a dozen more votes would secure a majority.

Boston is to have a new City Armory at the "South End."

The Pennsylvania Historical Society has 8,625 volumes in its library.

The Internal Revenue receipts in Cincinnati amount to an aggregate of \$7,600,000 since 1862.

In Pennsylvania there are 13,000 public schools, with 16,000 teachers, and 700,000 pupils.

The Boston Public Library numbers 116,934 volumes and 31,600 pamphlets. Its accessions last year were 6,226 books, 2,399 pamphlets, 357 maps and charts, 857 separate papers, 29 engravings, and a lithographic stone containing designs relating to the life of Franklin.

The sum of \$565,043 has been received at the marble quarries at Lee, Mass., for material for the extension of the Capitol at Washington.

Sorghum is now cultivated to a considerable extent in Orange county, N. Y. The best cultivated plots yielded about 300 gallons of syrup per acre, worth now \$1 25 per gallon.

Gov. Smith, of Rhode Island, has officially announced that the quota of that little State has been filled by voluntary enlistments.

The Eastern mails close now at six instead of 15 minutes past that hour.

Intelligence has been received here that the cotton captured by Sherman's army in Savannah is being shipped to this port as fast as practicable. Four cargoes are now on the way, and the balance will be sent forward within a very short period.

Western.—The Senate has ratified treaties with the Shoshone Indians, who bind themselves that all hostile acts against us shall cease. The boundaries of their country are claimed and occupied by them are as follows: On the north by the middle of the Great Desert, on the west by the Snake valley, on the south by the Green mountains, and on the east by the Great Salt Lake, Toulou and Rush valleys. The Indians agree to remove to their reservations whenever the President shall deem it expedient, and become herdsmen or agriculturists, the Government paying them certain annuities in money, provisions and goods. The Indians also agree that the Pacific railroad shall not be molested, that military posts, &c., may be constructed, gold and silver mines worked, and agricultural settlements formed and ranches established wherever they may be required.

Southern.—The Charleston *Mercury*, in an article, compares Mr. Lincoln and Jeff Davis. After abusing the former, and calling him a buffoon, he praises the energy and singlemindedness with which he has prosecuted the war, concluding thus: "He has called around him, in counsel, the ablest and most earnest men of his country. Where he has lacked in individual ability, learning, experience or statesmanship, he has sought it, and has found it in the able men about him, whose assistance he unhesitatingly accepts, whose powers he applies to the advancement of the cause: he has undertaken. In the Cabinet and in the field he has confidently and fearlessly pressed on the search for men who could advance his cause, and has so unhesitatingly cut off all those who clogged it with weakness, timidity, imbecility or failure. Force, energy, brains, earnestness, he has collected around him in every department. Blackguard and buffoon as he is, he has pursued his end with an energy as untiring as an Indian, and a single-mindedness of purpose that might almost be called patriotism. If he were not an unscrupulous knave in his end, and a fanatic in his political views, he would undoubtedly command our respect as a ruler, so far as we are concerned. Abroad and at home he has exercised alike the same ceaseless energy and circumspection. We turn our eyes to Richmond, and the contrast is appalling, sickening to the heart."

In his late address before the Tennessee Convention Andy Johnson said: "If Mr. Lincoln and Jeff Davis were to unite their powers, they could not prevent the universal emancipation of the negro. It is like a huge avalanche, half on its course; its destiny is certain and irresistible."

The Richmond papers are beginning to cultivate a wedge to the return of the Southern States to the Union, by inveighing against the perfidious conduct of England in enticing them into a rebellion and then leaving them in the lurch. John Mitchell, the distinguished and heroic virginal thrower, says, that "all along the C. S. A. has been fighting the battles of England, but now, should peace between the two sections be restored, the only consolation the South can receive will be to join the North in a war with that arch enemy of the human race, England." The N. Y. *Herald* takes the same view, so there is unanimity in the two presses.

The Savannah *Republican* says that the Theatre there and St. Andrews Hall are crowded every night. Private letters from officers confirm the previous report that the citizens are gradually throwing off their reserve and becoming more and more cordial.

A turkey was exposed for sale in the Petersburg market, on the 8th ult., at the small figure of \$112. Several years ago this sum would have bought three or four fine hogs, two or three barrels of meal, a quarter or two of beef, a barrel of molasses, a quantity of coffee and sugar, with a large turkey added.

During the recent rebel occupation of Huntsville, Ala., Rev. Mr. Bannister prayed for the "President of the Confederate States," but has since refused to offer up any supplication in behalf of Mr. Lincoln. Col. Horney, of the 15th Michigan, who is now Provost-Marshal of Huntsville, sent for him and demanded an explanation of his conduct. He said that the canons of his church required him to pray for the President of the Confederate States. "Very well," said the Colonel, "the canons of our army require you to pray for the President of the United States, and if you refuse to do it you will leave our lines." He has got 10 days to pack up.

Military.—There is to be an investigation into the surrender of B-verley, since the number of Union troops which surrendered amounted to more than the capturing force of rebels.

A deserter from Forrest's rebel cavalry, who had lately arrived at Paducah, says that what is left of Hood's army is in a wretched condition. All the Kentucky and Tennessee men deserted before they crossed the border into Mississippi. Hood is now in Corinth, endeavoring to reorganize his broken columns.

Personal.—The widow of Gen. Lander, formerly Miss Duvernet, is about to resume her profession as an actress. Since the death of her gallant husband she has been at Port Royal, engaged in nursing the wounded soldiers.

Gen. Terry, whom Fort Fisher has made famous, has a sister who is a hospital nurse in the Department of the South, and is highly esteemed by all who have known her in that capacity. His cousin, Miss Rose Terry, is well known to the reading public as the author of many popular magazine stories and verses.

A family named Upright, in Rockford, Illinois, has furnished ten men for the army. Three of the number have died in the field.

Gen. Terry, who commanded the land forces at the taking of Fort Fisher, although a lawyer by education and profession, had devoted much time to the study of war. He went to Europe in 1854, visiting the defenses of the Crimea, and spending much of his time either among the fortifications of Europe or in investigating the principles of military science. His tastes led him into that field, and before the rebellion he was a thoroughly read soldier, familiar with all the principles of the art of war.

Gen. J. E. Wool is busy in finishing his memoirs; he is in very feeble health. Dr. Eliphabet Nott, who has been president of Union College for 63 years, is also in a very precarious state.

Col. Julian Allen, the agent sent from Savannah to arrange for supplies to that half-deserted city, has returned there, after having dispatched three ships laden with good things to the repentant rebels.

Capt. Warlow, of the 1st Precinct Police, has been presented with a handsome watch, etc., by the merchants of that ward.

A number of the citizens of Philadelphia have purchased Gen. Grant a residence in that city. In his letter, acknowledging the gift, he says: "It is with feelings of gratitude and pride that I accept this substantial testimonial of the esteem of your loyal citizens; gratitude, because it is evidence of a deep-determined determination on the part of a large number of citizens that this war shall go on until this Union is restored; pride, that my humble efforts in so great a cause should attract such a token from a city of strangers to me. I will not predict a day when we will have peace again, with the Union restored. But that that day will come is as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun. I have never doubted this in the darkest days of this dark and terrible rebellion. Until this happy day of peace does come, my family will occupy and enjoy your magnificent present. But until then I do not expect nor desire to see much of the enjoyments of a home fire-side." The house selected is a new one, No. 3009 Chestnut street, and it is now being furnished.

Gen. McClellan, accompanied by his wife and child, called in the China on the 25th of January. After a passing visit to England and France, he will proceed to Rome, where he will remain for some time. His wife's health is the cause.

Regarding the authorship of the famous Hulse-mann letter, which has been attributed to Mr. Everett, the Boston *Traveler* says that, before his death, John Taylor, Mr. Webster's farm-steward, stated that he sat with Mr. Webster in his room at Franklin, N. H., from about eight o'clock one evening until half-past four next morning, while the great statesman was drafting the celebrated Hulse-mann letter, part or most of which letter was read piecemeal to Mr. Taylor as it was composed.

Gen. Butler arrived in New York on his way to Lowell on the 26th Jan. While he remained he was visited by many of our leading citizens.

The New York *Daily Times* rebukes Admiral Porter for inserting in his naval report a threat against England and France, recommending all commanders to follow the example of Admiral Farragut's simple report of his brilliant victories.

Naval.—Admiral Porter has sent an official report of his proceedings since the fall of Fort Fisher. The results are:

Reeves point—Two ten-inch guns.
Above Smithville—Two ten-inch guns.
Smithville—Four ten-inch guns.

Fort Caswell—Ten ten-inch guns, two nine-inch, one Armstrong, and four thirty-two (rifled), one eight-inch, three eight-inch, one Parrott (twenty-pounder), three rifled field pieces, three guns buried. Twenty-nine guns.

Fort Campbell and Shaw—Six ten-inch, six thirty-two (smooth), one thirty-two (rifled), one eight-inch, six field pieces, two mortars. Twenty-two guns.

Smith's Island—Three ten-inch, six thirty-two (smooth), two thirty-two (rifled), four field pieces, and two mortars—seventeen guns. Reported at the end of Smith's Island, six guns.

Total captured, eighty-three guns.

Accidents and Offences.—Mr. William Branch, a well-known stock broker of Wall street, was killed on the 23d of January, while standing in Broad street, New York, by a brick falling on his head.

The Smithsonian Institute at Washington was partially destroyed by fire on the 24th of January; all the pictures except five or six were burnt; the lecture-room and philosophical department were likewise destroyed—as were the archives. As the Government are the trustees it will have to be rebuilt at the national expense, should there have been no fire insurance on the property.

Art, Science and Literature.—The whole of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's works, in 110 volumes, translated into German, have been published in Stuttgart.

Among the London announcements we find "The History of the Present American War, from its Commencement to the Conclusion of the Campaign of 1863," by Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, of the Fusilier Guards.

The second series of "The Biglow Papers" has been republished in London. The *Reader* praises these poems highly, saying: "The old quaint humor sparkles in their utterances—the old shrewd wisdom is to be found in their New England colloquialisms—the old deep satire and quiet pathos lie beneath the wondrous garb of melody which they wear as in the days gone by; but yet, somehow or other, we cannot avoid the conviction that times 'are out of joint.' Beneath Biglow's scepticism and Sawin's rampant rowdiness, a sense of the greatness of the issues with which they have to deal peeps out unconsciously. Grim earnest is hard to reconcile with satire; and any one who reads these later 'Biglow Papers' feels that the author is in earnest—that the laughing sceptic has become a preacher."

The game of Croquet, which has become fashionable in England, within the last two or three years, has given rise to a Chancery suit in London. The case is Captain Mayne Reid vs. the Earl of Essex and Emily Faithful. The latter is a printer, who published a book called "The Rules of Croquet, revised and corrected, by an Old Hand," and the Earl of Essex, a gay young gentleman of 62, was generally accredited as the author. It appeared, however, that he paid some person to write or compile the book, which person boldly "conveyed" the whole of it from a work entitled "Croquet," of which Captain Reid is author. The Vice-Chancellor decided that Captain Reid is the author and proprietor of the book called "Croquet," that the other book was a plagiarism and infringement, that the Earl of Essex and Miss Faithful must pay \$625 to Captain Reid by way of compensation, and also full costs of suit, and that all unsold copies of their book be delivered up to be destroyed.

Tiecknor & Fields's forthcoming publications include "Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries, or the Rise of the American Constitution," by C. J. Richmond.

Carleton will issue soon a handsomely illustrated edition of Drake's "Culprit Fay," a poem which offers unusual facilities for an imaginative artist.

Mr. Disturnell's "Blue Book" for 1865 is just published by the American News Company, 121 Nassau street. It contains lists of the officers of the Government, census returns, and a variety of political and statistical information. It is a convenient and useful publication.

Foreign.—A lady of Lyons, France, having been beaten by her husband, took the advantage when he was asleep of tying him securely to his bed, and then, when he could not move hand or foot, belabored him with a good thick stick. She then bade him good-bye, informing him that she was going to elope with another man. The husband has naturally sued for a divorce.

Dumas *filis* is about to marry a very rich and noble widow called Madame Naraschine. One paper says that she is actually related to the Emperor of Russia.

The Canadian Parliament is becoming at last alive to the importance of keeping on good terms with the United States, for in a recent debate the conduct of the Southern refugees in Canada was severely denounced, and a determination was expressed to stop the abuse of asylum, and a commission was appointed to inquire into the cause of the failure of justice in reference to the release of the St. Albans raiders and the misappropriation of the money restored them; also, to inquire into the conduct of Justice Coussens and the Chief of Police. Meantime the Government has suspended the judge.

The municipality of Florence have taken measures for extending the new capital of Italy. The walls which surround the present city will be demolished, and their site occupied with public walks or boulevards.

Seven Protestant places of worship were open in Paris on Christmas last. They were the English church, the Episcopal church, the Wesleyan church, the Congregational church, the church of Scotland, a second English church and the American chapel.

Chit-Chat.—A Paris paper says, in consequence of the scarcity of ratskins, the best French kid gloves will be very expensive this year.

The Philadelphia *Enquirer* doubts the truth of the story that Mr. Colfax is going to marry Mrs. Douglas, and gravely gives its reason "that they have not met for four years."

Enoch Arden has been brought out at the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia. The popularity of this pretty poem is not complimentary to the age, for there is no heroism in a man suffering his wife to live with another man, and then, with his dying breath, blast her reputation and happiness by revealing who he was to a village gossip.

The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is to place an empty flowerpot on the porcel pot. This means, in that language, "Here is a young lady within who wishes to find a husband!"

Micheliet, in his new book, called "Humanity," makes an appeal in favor of the brute creation, which, he says, has fallen like man. Among other things, he says: "This battle of good animals for man is an historical fact. * * * Give the first place to the cow. * * * She alone, during the long journey from Bactria to India, kept the primitive people alive. * * * We must not judge the outrage-outing by the animal with which we are familiar. No creature more than the baboon has been frightened, embittered and perverted by man's harshness."

The most fashionable ladies' head-dresses in Paris now are made of peacock's feathers, raven's wings and magpie's tails. A brutal French writer says the peacock represents her pride, the raven her discontent, and the magpie her volubility.

The pay of over 800 officers of the Commissary Bureau at Washington has been stopped, in consequence of their failure to render prompt and correct accounts.

The *Hove Journal* says that "Mr. C. G. Rosenberg is an artist of no mean talent. Does it mean that what he writes has no meaning in it? If not, what does it mean?"

Gibson, the sculptor, intends to leave \$20,000 to the British Royal Academy, on condition that three rooms shall be therein devoted exclusively to the exhibition of casts of his works. He certainly understands the art of posthumous advertising.

The divorce laws in Indiana have been altered; a year's residence is indispensable.

SCENES IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, F. H. Schell.



THE MAN WHO LOST HIS BROTHER.



AN OIL ARISTOCRAT.



OIL CITY BELLE.



"PUT OUT YOUR PIPES!"



BOAT-RACE ON OIL CREEK.



"WAITING FOR A CHINAMAN."



WHAT IS IT? IT MIGHT BE CAPT. CLARK OR HIS SUPERINTENDENT—AND IT MIGHT NOT.



PROSPECTING FOR OIL.



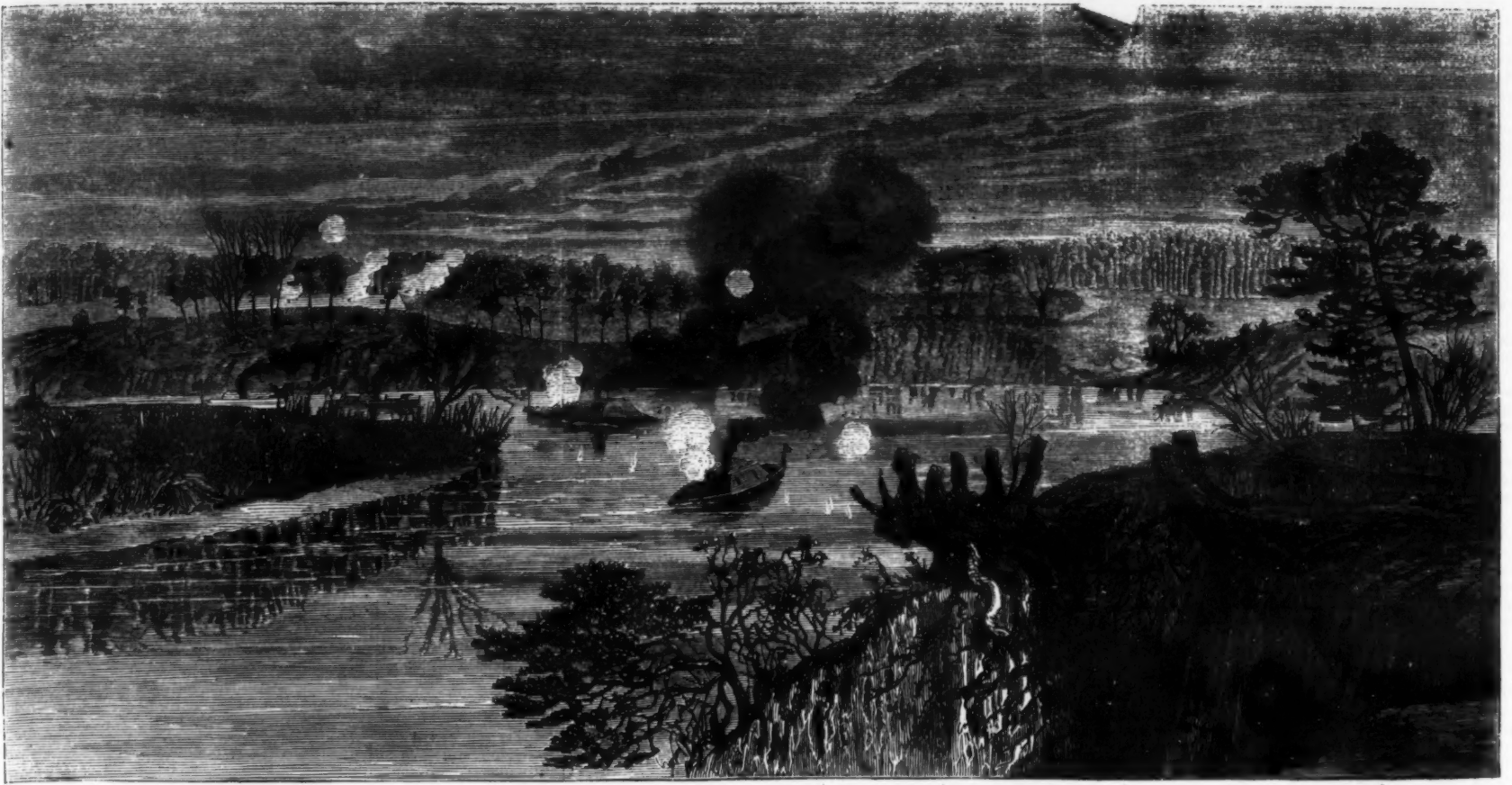
OIL PILGRIMS.



SLEIGHING NEAR OIL CITY.



PETROLEUM ARISTOCRATS IN COUNCIL—"SO THE NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE COMPANY HAS STRUCK A NEW WELL?" "HOW MUCH DOES IT RUN?"



ATTEMPTED NAVAL RAID UPON U. S. SHIPPING, ETC., AT CITY POINT, VA., JAN. 23—REBEL IRONCLADS RUNNING PAST FORT BRADY ON THE JAMES RIVER.—SKETCHED FROM DUTCH GAP.

AT THE OUTPOST.

BY C. D. GARDETTE.

"THERE is no moon, but the night is clear—
Clear and cold, and the stars are few.
In the shadow of Death I am walking here:
In the shadow of Death, at twenty-two!



"A year ago, on a night like this—
One brief year!—from a maid I knew,
In the shadow of Love I asked a kiss:
In the shadow of Love she gave me two.

"Two; and a third, and another yet—
One more yet, and she whispered, 'Go!
On the hazard of strife my love I set:
On the hazard of strife, for weal or woe!

"My country first!" Oh, the peerless maid!
Not a peer hath the maid, I know!
'My country first,' in that kiss she said,
'My country first!' and she bade me go.

"Say you a drink? Good comrade, no!
Ah! the love of a maid like mine
Flushes the heart with a godlike glow:
Flushes the heart like Olympian wine!

"A cypher of gold, with a braid of hair,
Clasps my wrist, and, if I should fall,
This to my maid I pray you bear—
This to my maid, comrade—that is all!"

There is no moon, but the sky is fair—
The sky is fair, though the stars be few;
In the shadow of Death he is lying there;
In the shadow of Death, at twenty-two!

His pulse is still, and his wrist is bare.
Clasp of gold, with its sunny braid,
The slender wrist of a maid shall wear—
The slender wrist of his peerless maid!

The Fate of the Forrests.

PART I.

A GROUP of four, two ladies and two gentlemen, leaned or lounged together in the soft brilliance of mingled moonlight and lamplight, that filled the luxurious room. Through the open windows came balmy gusts of ocean air, up from below rose the

murmurous plash of waves, breaking on a quiet shore, and frequent bursts of music lent another charm to place and hour. A pause in the gay conversation was broken by the younger lady's vivacious voice:

"Now if the day of witches and wizards, astrologers and fortune-tellers was not over, how I should enjoy looking into a magic mirror, having my horoscope cast, or hearing my fate read by a charming black-eyed gipsy."

"The age of enchantment is not yet past, as all who are permitted to enter this magic circle confess; and one need not go far for 'a charming black-eyed gipsy' to decide one's destiny."

And with a half-serious, half-playful gesture the gentleman offered his hand to the fair-faced girl, who shook her head and answered, smilingly:

"No, I'll not tell your fortune, Captain Hay; and all your compliments cannot comfort me for the loss of the delightful *diablerie* I love to read about and long to experience. Modern gipsies are commonplace. I want a genuine Cagliostro, supernaturally elegant, gifted and mysterious. I wish the fable of his eternal youth were true, so that he might visit us, for where would he find a fitter company? You gentlemen are perfect sceptics, and I am a firm believer, while Ursula would inspire the dullest wizard, because she looks like one born to live a romance."

She did indeed. The beautiful woman, sitting where the light showered down upon her, till every charm seemed doubled. The freshest bloom of early womanhood glowed in a face both sweet and spirited, eloquent eyes shone lustrous and large, the lips smiled as if blissful visions fed the fancy, and above the white forehead dark, abundant hair made a graceful crown for a head which bore itself with a certain gentle pride, as if the power of beauty, grace and intellect lent an un-

conscious queenliness to their possessor. In the personal atmosphere of strength, brilliancy and tenderness that surrounded her, an acute observer would detect the presence of a daring spirit, a rich nature, a deep heart; and, looking closer, might also discover, in the curves of that sensitive mouth, the depths of those thoughtful eyes, traces of some hidden care, some haunting memory, or, perhaps, only that vague yet melancholy prescience which often marks those fore-doomed to tragic lives. As her companions chatted this fleeting expression touched her face like a passing shadow, and the gentleman who had not yet spoken leaned nearer, as if eager to catch that evanescent gloom. She met his wistful glance with one of perfect serenity, saying, as an enchanting smile broke over her whole face:

"Yes, my life has been a romance thus far; may it have a happy ending. Even, you were born in a land of charms and spells, can you not play the part of a Hindoo conjuror, and satisfy Kate's longing?"

"I can only play the part of a Hindoo devotee, and exhaust myself with strivings after the unattainable, like this poor little fire-worshipper," replied the young man, watching, with suspicious interest, a moth circling round the globe of light above his head, as if he dared not look at the fair speaker, lest his traitorous eyes should say too much.

"You are both sadly unromantic and ungallant men not to make an effort in our favor," exclaimed the lively lady. "I am in just the mood for a ghostly tale, a scene of mystery, a startling revelation, and where shall I look for an obliging magician to gratify me?"

"Here!"
The voice, though scarcely lifted above a whisper, startled the group as much as if a spirit

spoke, and all eyes were turned towards the window, where white draperies were swaying in the wind. No uncanny apparition appeared behind the tentlike aperture, but the composed figure of a small, fragile-looking man, reclining in a lounging-chair. Nothing could have been more unimpressive at a first glance, but at a second the eye was arrested, the attention roused, for an inde-



DISCOVERY OF THE POISON.

finable influence held one captive against one's will. Beardless, thin lipped, sharply featured and colorless as ivory was the face. A few locks of blonde hair streaked the forehead, and underneath it shone the controlling feature of this singular countenance. The eyes, that should have been a steely blue to match the fair surroundings, were of the intensest black, varying in expression with a startling rapidity, unless mastered by an art stronger than nature; by turns stealthily soft, keenly piercing, fiercely fiery or utterly expressionless, these mysterious eyes both attracted and repelled, with a subtle magnetism which few wills could resist, and which gave to this otherwise insignificant man a weird charm, which native grace and the possession of rare accomplishments made alluring, even to those who understood the fearful laws of temperament and race.

Languidly leaning in his luxurious chair, while one pale hand gathered back the curtain from before him, the newcomer eyed the group with a swift glance, which in an instant had caught the meaning of each face and transferred it to the keeping of a memory which nothing could escape. Annoyance was the record set down against Ursula Forrest's name; mingled joy and shame against the other lady's; for, with the perfect breeding which was one of the man's chief attractions, he gave the precedence to women even in this rapid mental process. Aversion was emphatically marked against Evan Forrest's name, simple amusement fell to his companion's share. Captain Hay was the first to break the sudden silence which followed that one softly spoken word:

"Beg pardon, but upon my life I forgot you, Ståhl. I thought you went half an hour ago, in your usual noiseless style, for who would dream of your choosing to lounge in the strong draught of a seabreeze?"

"It is I who should beg pardon for forgetting myself in such society, and indulging in the reveries that will come unbidden to such poor shadows as I."

The voice that answered, though low-toned, was singularly persuasive, and the words were uttered with an expression more engaging than a smile.



"GOOD-NIGHT, MY HUSBAND; SLEEP IN PEACE."

"Magician, you bade me look to you. I take you at your word. I dare you to show your skill, and prove that yours is no empty boast," said Kate Heath, with evident satisfaction at the offer and interest in its maker.

Rising slowly, Felix Stahl advanced towards her, and, despite his want of stature and vigor, which are the manliest attributes of manhood, no one felt the lack of them, because an instantaneous impression of vitality and power was made in defiance of external seeming. With both hands loosely folded behind him, he paused before Miss Heath, asking, tranquilly:

"Which wish shall I grant? Will you permit me to read your palm? Shall I show you the image of your lover in yonder glass? or shall I whisper in your ear the most secret hope, fear or regret, which you cherish? Honor me by choosing, and any one of these feats I will perform."

Kate stole a covert glance at the tall mirror, saw that it reflected no figure but that of the speaker, and with an irrepressible smile she snatched her eyes away, content, saying hastily:

"As the hardest feat of the three, you shall tell me what I most ardently desire, if the rest will submit to a like test. Can you read their hearts as well as mine?"

His eye went slowly round the little circle, and from each face the smile faded, as that searching gaze explored it. Constrained by its fascination, more than by curiosity or inclination, each person bowed their acquiescence to Kate's desire, and as Stahl's eye came back to her, he answered briefly, like one well assured of his own power:

"I can read their hearts. Shall I begin with you?"

For a moment she fluttered like a bird caught in a fowler's net, then with an effort composed both attitude and aspect, and looked up half-proudly, half-pleadingly, into the colorless countenance that bent till the lips were at her ear. Only three words, and the observers saw the conscious blood flush scarlet to her forehead, burning hotter and deeper as eyes fell, lips quivered and head sank in her hands, leaving a shame-stricken culprit where but an instant ago a bright, happy-hearted woman sat.

Before Ursula could reach her friend, or either gentleman exclaim, Stahl's uplifted hand imposed passive silence and obtained it, for already the magnetism of his presence made itself felt, filling the room with a supernatural atmosphere, which touched the commonplace with mystery, and woke fantastic fears or fancies like a spell. Without a look, a word for the weeping girl before him, he turned sharply round on Evan Forrest, signified by an imperious gesture that he should bend his tall head nearer, and when he did so, seemed to stab him with a breath. Pale with indignation and surprise, the young man sprang erect, demanding in a smothered voice:

"Who will prevent me?"

"I will." As the words left Stahl's lips, Evan stirred as if to take him by the throat, but that thin, womanish hand closed like a steel spring round his wrist and held the strong arm powerless, as, with a disdainful smile, and warning "Remember where you are!" the other moved on undisturbed. Evan flung himself into a seat, vainly attempting self-control, while Stahl passed to Captain Hay, who sat regarding him with undisguised interest and amazement, which latter sentiment reached its climax as the magic whisper came.

"How in Heaven's name did you know that?" he cried, staring like one stupefied; then overturning his chair in his haste, he dashed out of the room with every mark of uncontrollable excitement and alarm.

"Dare you let me try my power on you, Miss Forrest?" asked Stahl, pausing at her side, with the first trace of emotion visible in his inscrutable face.

"I dare everything!" and as she spoke, Ursula's proud head rose erect, Ursula's dauntless eyes looked full into his own.

"In truth you do dare everything," he murmured below his breath, with a glance of passionate admiration. But the soft ardor that made his eyes wonderfully lovely for an instant flamed as suddenly into a flash of anger, for there was a perceptible recoil of the white shoulder as his breath touched it in bending, and when he breathed a single word into her ear, his face wore the stealthy ferocity of a tiger in the act of springing upon his unsuspecting prey. Had she been actually confronted with the veritable beast, it could scarcely have wrought a swifter panic than that one word. Fixed in the same half-shrinking, half-haughty attitude, she sat as if changed suddenly to stone. Her eyes, dark and dilated with some unconquerable horror, never left his face while light, color, life itself seemed to ebb slowly from her own, leaving it as beautiful yet woful to look upon as some marble Medusa's countenance. So sudden, so entire was the change in that blooming face, that Kate forgot her own dismay, and cried:

"Ursula, what is it!" while Evan, turning on the worker of the miracle, demanded hotly:

"What right have you to terrify women and insult men by hissing in their ears secret information dishonorably obtained?"

Neither question received an answer, for Ursula and Stahl seemed unconscious of any presence but their own, as each silently regarded the other with a gaze full of mutual intelligence, yet opposing emotions of triumph and despair. At the sound of Evan's voice, a shudder shook Ursula from head to foot, but her eye never wavered, and the icy fixture of her features remained unchanged as she asked in a sharp, shrill whisper—

"Is it true?"

"Behold the sign!" and with a gesture, too swift and unsuspected for any but herself to see or understand the revelation made, Stahl bared his left arm, held it before her eyes, and dropped it in the drawing of a breath. Whatever Ursula saw confirmed her dread; she uttered neither cry

nor exclamation, but wrung her hands together in dumb anguish, while her lips moved without uttering a sound.

Kate Heath's over-wrought nerves gave way, and weeping hysterically, she clung to Evan, imploring him to take her home. Instantly assuming his usual languid courtesy of mien and manners, Stahl murmured regretful apologies, rang the bell for Miss Heath's carriage, and bringing her veil and mantle from the ante-room, implored the privilege of shawling her with a penitent devotion wonderfully winning, yet which did not prevent her shrinking from him and accepting no services but such as Evan half-unconsciously bestowed.

"You are coming with me? You promised mama to bring me safely back. Mr. Forrest, take pity on me, for I dare not go alone."

She spoke tearfully, still agitated by the secret wound inflicted by a whisper.

"Hay will gladly protect you, Kate; I cannot leave Ursula," began Evan, but a smooth, imperious voice took the word from his lips.

"Hay is gone, I shall remain with Ursula, and you, Forrest, will not desert Miss Heath in the distress which I have unhappily caused by granting her wish. Forgive me, and good-night."

As Stahl spoke, he kissed the hand that trembled in his own, with a glance that lingered long in poor Kate's memory, and led her towards her friend. But Evan's dark face kindled with the passion he had vainly striven to suppress, and though he tried to curb his tongue, his eye looked a defiance as he placed himself beside his cousin, saying doggedly:

"I shall not leave Ursula to the tender mercies of a charlatan unless she bids me go. Kate stay with us and lend your carriage to this gentleman, as his own is not yet here."

Bowing with a face of imperturbable composure, Stahl answered in his softest tones, bending an inquiring glance on Ursula:

"Many thanks, but I prefer to receive my dismissal from the mistress of the house, not from its would-be master. Miss Forrest, shall I leave you to begin the work marked out for me? or shall I remain to unfold certain matters which nearly concern yourself, and which, if neglected, may result in misfortune to more than one of us?"

As if not only the words but the emphasis with which they were pronounced recalled some forgotten fact, woke some new fear, Ursula started from her stupor of surprise and mental suffering into sudden action. All that had passed while she sat dumb seemed to return to her, and a quick glance from face to face appeared to decide her in the course she must pursue.

Rising she went to Kate, touched her wet cheek with lips that chilled it, and turning to her companions regarded them with an eye that seemed to pierce to the heart's core of each. What she read there none knew, but some purpose strong enough to steady and support her with a marvellous composure seemed born of that long scrutiny, for motioning her cousin from her she said:

"Go, Evan, I desire it."

"Go! and leave you with that man? I cannot, Ursula!"

"You must, you will, if I command it. I wish to be alone with him; I fear nothing, not even this magician, who in an instant has changed my life by a single word. But I trust myself to his protection; I throw myself upon his mercy, and implore you to have faith in me."

With an air of almost pathetic dignity, a gesture of infinite grace, she stretched a hand to either man, and as each grasped the soft prize a defiant glance was exchanged between them, a daring one was fixed upon the beautiful woman for whom, like spirits of good and ill, they were henceforth to contend.

"I shall obey you, but may I come to-morrow?" Evan whispered, as he pressed the hand that in his own was tremulous and warm.

"Yes, come to me early, I shall need you then—if ever."

And as the words left her lips that other hand in Felix Stahl's firm hold grew white and cold as if carved in marble. With Kate still trembling on his arm, Evan left them; his last glance showing him his rival regarding his departure with an air of tranquil triumph, and Ursula, his proud, high-hearted cousin, sinking slowly on her knees before this man, who in an hour seemed to have won the right to make or mar her happiness for ever.

How the night passed Evan Forrest never knew. He took Kate home, and then till day dawned haunted beach and cliff like a restless ghost, thinking only of Ursula, remembering only that she bade him come early, and chiding the tardy sun until it rose upon a day that darkened all his life. As the city bells chimed seven from the spires that shone across the little bay, Evan re-entered his cousin's door; but before he could pronounce her name the lady who for years had filled a mother's place to the motherless girl came hurrying to meet him, with every mark of sleepless agitation in her weary yet restless face and figure.

"Thank heaven, you are come!" she ejaculated, drawing him aside into the ante-room. "Oh, Mr. Forrest, such a night as I have passed, so strange, so unaccountable, I am half-distracted."

"Where is Ursula?" demanded Evan.

"Just where you left her, sir; she has not stirred since that dreadful Mr. Stahl went away."

"When was that?"

"Past midnight. At eleven I went down to give him a hint, but the door was fast, and for another hour the same steady sound of voices came up to me as had been going on since you left. When he did go at last it was so quietly I only knew it by the glimpse I caught of him gliding down the walk, and vanishing like a spirit in the shadow of the great gate."

"Then you went to Ursula?"

"I did, sir; I did, and found her sitting as I saw her when I left the room in the evening."

"What did she say? what did she do?"

"She said nothing, and she looked like death itself, so white, so cold, so still; not a sigh, a tear, a motion; and when I implored her to speak she only broke my heart with the look she gave me, as she whispered, 'Leave me in peace till Evan comes.'"

With one stride he stood before the closed door, but when he tapped no voice bade him enter, and opening he noiselessly glided in. She was there, sitting as Mrs. Yorke described her, and looking more like a pale ghost than a living woman. Evan's eye wandered round the room, hungry to discover some clue to the mystery, but nothing was changed. The lamps burned dimly in the glare of early sunshine streaming through the room; the curtains were still wafted to and fro by balmy breezes; the seats still stood scattered here and there as they were quitted; Captain Hay's chair still lay overthrown; Kate's gloves had been trodden under foot, and round the deep chair in the window still glowed the scattered petals of the rose with which Felix Stahl had regaled himself while lying there.

"Ursula!"

No answer came to his low call, and drawing nearer, Evan whispered tenderly:

"My darling, speak to me! It breaks my heart to see you so, and have no power to help you."

The dark eyes fixed on vacancy relaxed in their strained gaze, the cold hands locked together in her lap loosened their painful pressure, and with a long sigh Ursula turned towards him, saying, like one awakened from a heavy dream:

"I am glad you are come;" then as if some fear stung her, added with startling abruptness, "Evan! what did he whisper in your ear last night?"

Amazed at such a question, yet not ill pleased to answer it even then, for his full heart was yearning to unburden itself, the young man instantly replied, while his face glowed with hope, and his voice grew tender with the untold love that had long hovered on his lips:

"He said, 'You will never win your cousin;' but, Ursula, he lied, for I will win you even if he bring the powers of darkness to confound me. He read in my face what you must have read there long ago, and did not rebuke by one cold look, one forbidding word. Let me tell my love now; let me give you the shelter of my heart if you need it, and whatever grief or shame or fear has come to you let me help you bear it if I cannot banish it."

She did not speak, till kneeling before her he said imploringly:

"Ursula, you bade me trust you; I do entirely. Can you not place a like confidence in me?"

"No, Evan."

"Then you do not love as I love," he cried, with a foreboding fear heavy at his heart.

"No, I do not love as you love." The answer came like a soft echo, and her whole frame trembled for an instant as if some captive emotion struggled for escape and an iron hand restrained it. Her cousin saw it, and seizing both her hands, looked deep into her eyes, demanding, sternly:

"Do you love this man?"

"I shall marry him."

Evan stared aghast at the hard, white resolution stamped upon her face, as she looked straight before her with a blank yet steady gaze, seeming to see and own allegiance to a master invisible to him. A moment he struggled with a chaos of conflicting passions, then fought his way to a brief calmness, intent on fathoming the mystery that had wrought such a sudden change in both their lives.

"Ursula, as the one living relative whom you possess, I have a right to question you. Answer me truly, I conjure you, and deal honestly with the heart that is entirely your own. I can forget myself, can put away my own love and longing, can devote my whole time, strength, life to your service, if you need me. Something has happened that affects you deeply, let me know it. No common event would move you so, for lovers do not woo in this strange fashion, nor betrothed brides tell their happiness with such a face as you now wear."

"Few women have such lovers as mine, or such betrothals to tell. Ask me nothing, Evan, I have told you all I may; go now, and let me rest, if any rest remains for me."

"Not yet," he answered, with an indomitable purpose in his face as that which seemed to have fixed and frozen hers. "I must know more of this man before I give you up. Who and what is he?"

"Study, question, watch and analyse him. You will find him what he seems—no more, no less. I leave you free to do what you will, and claim an equal liberty for myself," she said.

"I thought he was a stranger to you as to me and others. You must have known him elsewhere, Ursula?"

"I never saw or knew him till a month ago."

Evan struck his hands together with a gesture of despair, as he sprang up, saying:

"Ah! I see it now. A month ago I left you, and in that little time you learned to love."

"Yes, in that little time I did learn to love."

Again the soft echo came, again the sadder tremor shook her, but she neither smiled, nor wept, nor turned her steady eyes away from the unseen but controlling presence that for her still seemed to haunt the room.

Evan Forrest was no blind lover, and despite his own bitter loss he was keen-eyed enough to see that some emotion deeper than caprice, stronger than pity, sharper than regret, now held possession of his cousin's heart. He felt that some tie less tender than that which bound him to her bound her to this man, who exercised such power over her proud spirit and strong will. Bent on reading the riddle, he rapidly glanced through the happy past, so shared with Ursula that he

believed no event in the life of either was unknown to the other; yet here was a secret lying dark between them, and only one little month of absence had sowed the seed that brought such a harvest of distrust and pain. Suddenly he spoke:

"Ursula, has this man acquired power over you through any weakness of your own?"

A haughty flash kindled in her eyes, and for an instant her white face glowed with womanly humiliation at the doubt implied.

"I am as innocent of any sin or shame, any weakness or wrong, as when I lay a baby in my mother's arms. Would to God I lay there now as tranquilly asleep as she!"

The words broke from her with a tearless sob, and spreading her hands before her face he heard her murmur like a broken-hearted child:

"How could he, oh, how could he wound me with a thought like that?"

"I will not! I do not! Hear me, Ursula, and forgive me, if I cannot submit to see you leave me for a man like this without one effort to fathom the inexplicable change I find in you. Only tell me that he is worthy of you, that you love him and are happy, and I will be dumb. Can you do this to ease my heart and conscience, Ursula?"

"Yes, I can do more than that. Rest tranquil, dearest Evan. I know what I do; I do it freely, and in time you will acknowledge that I did well in marrying Felix Stahl."

"You are betrothed to him?"

"I am; his kiss is on my cheek, his ring is on my hand; I accept both."

With a look and gesture which he never could forget she touched the cheek where one deep spot of color burned as if branded there, and held up the hand whose only ornament beside its beauty was a slender ring formed of two twisted serpents, whose diamond eyes glittered with an uncanny resemblance of life.

"And you will marry him?" repeated Evan, finding the hard fact impossible to accept.

"I will."

"Soon, Ursula?"

"Very soon."

"You wish it so?"

"I wish what he wishes."

"You will go away with him?"

"To the end of the earth if he desires it."

"My God! is this witchcraft or infatuation?"

"Neither, it is woman's love, which is quick and strong to dare and suffer all things for those who are dearer to her than her life."

He could not see her face, for she had turned it from him, but in her voice trembled a tender fervor which could not be mistaken, and with a pang that wrung his man's heart sorely he relinquished all hope, and bade farewell to love, believing that no mystery existed but that which is inexplicable, the workings of a woman's heart.

"I am going, Ursula," he said; "you no longer have any need of me, and I must fight out my fight alone. God bless you, and remember, whatever befalls, while life lasts you have one unalterable friend and lover in me."

As he spoke with full eyes, broken voice and face eloquent with love, regret and pity, Ursula rose suddenly and fell upon his bosom, clinging there with a passionate despair that deepened his ever growing wonder.

"God help you, Evan! love me, trust me, pity me, and so good-bye! good-bye!" she cried, in that strange paroxysm of emotion, as tearless, breathless, trembling and wearied, yet still self-controlled, she kissed and blessed and led him to the door. No pause upon the threshold; as he lingered she put him from her, closed and bolted it: then as if with him the sustaining power of her darkened life departed, she fell down upon the spot where he had stood, and lay there, beautiful and pale and still as some fair image of eternal sleep.

THE DOCTRINE OF SPONTANEOUS GENERATION, so far back as the time of Redi (1686), was that decaying substances became converted during their decomposition into insects and some other forms ranking below them in the animal scale. This was opposed by Spallanzani by experiments and philosophic induction. He stated that if the air be excluded no animalcules make their appearance, and consequently belief in spontaneous generation gave way. As our readers know, it has recently been revived. In the new number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science* Mr. Samuelson has contributed an historical paper on the subject, in which he sets forth fairly the present state of the controversy, which has been carried on rather warmly—by those who assert that germs of living bodies do not exist in the atmosphere (especially by Pouchet, Jolly and Musset, in France; Dr. Jeffrey Wyman, of Boston, U. S.; Schaffhausen, in Germany; and Mantegazza, in Italy), and by those who maintain that the atmosphere is the chief source whence such organisms spring (Pasteur and Quatreages, in France, and Schultze, Schwann and Schröder, in Germany). Mr. Samuelson's paper is illustrated with engravings. He expresses his opinion that many of the forms considered by the former party to be living independent organisms have no more right to the term than white blood-corpuscles, &c. and, in fact, much less so. He says: "In the popular sense of the term 'spontaneous generation' I am certainly no believer; and I have little doubt that the time is not far distant when all these lowly types, now known as protozoa, will be traced in their earliest stages to the atmosphere, the dust of the road, of our parlor windows, and, indeed, into every place into which dust and air penetrate. It is the common-sense explanation of their presence; for what is more natural than that along with the dust, which is dried mud, the wind should also waft about the light spores of those minute forms of which the stagnant pool is the habitat? And it is the solution strictly in accordance with scientific experience; for, without reference to the great homogeneous law traceable through the whole organic realm, we have the indisputable fact that the more lowly the organisms the more widely are their reproductive principles diffused in the elements."

PRINTING PAPER.—The consumption of paper in this country equals that of Great Britain and France together. In 1854 it was estimated that 250,000,000 lbs were made here, valued at \$25,000,000. About 405,000,000 lbs of rags were used, at an average cost of four cents per pound. In New England, the Middle and Western States, the value of book, job and newspaper printing was returned by the last census (1850) as \$39,428,843, of which \$11,000,000 worth consisted of books, the value of the latter being nearly equal to the whole product of the same branch in 1850, which was returned at \$11,566,549. The manufacture of paper has increased in an equal ratio, the State of Massachusetts alone producing paper of the value of \$5,968,469, being over 90 per cent. of the product of the Union in 1850.

TO A MEMORY.

And art thou far, and art thou wide,
And ever wroth with me,
Though full of sorrow, day and night,
My life dwells all with thee.
I think I hear thy bosom heave
And see thy black eyes shine—
Oh! never—never, shall I find
Again a love like thine.

The world in roses blossomed round
While I was by thee yet,
And on the green and swelling ground
The laughing sunbeams met.
I kissed thee as I brake the rose,
And sang to that dear kiss—
Oh! never—never, shall I find
Again a love like thine.

Free am I as the falcon now
That o'er the hilltop flies,
To whom the mighty world below
Sun-clear and open lies—
Yet hath the hawk a nest and home—
What home and nest are mine?
Oh! never—never, shall I find
Again a love like thine.

Oh! bitter day—Oh! bitter hour
That tore us twain apart;
The perished joy and peace no more
May warm this lonely heart—
In vain I search through land and sea,
As roams a restless wind—
Oh! never—never, love like thine
Again on earth I find.

TOM-TOM.

You buyee? Good! good! Eh!"

I was looking over the side of the brig, into a shore boat, manned by two Kroomen, hard samples of the boatmen along the coast. It was just off Porto Nuvas, on the west coast of Africa, and these men were only specimens of the hundreds that board every vessel that will give them even the shadow of a chance. They had nothing on board their boat but this one article of merchandise, which they were offering for sale so eagerly, and that was a chimpanzee. I was looking lazily over the side of the brig when they addressed me, with the thermometer at 137 degrees, and felt little inclination to enter into any bargaining, especially for a monkey, but just as the man spoke, and I cast my glance towards the miserable looking animal sitting in the stern, and curled up in a disconsolate way, it raised its eyes and met mine with a look so entirely human that I was instantly interested. It was the expression of a beseeching slave, soliciting some one whose face they had fancied to buy them.

"How much?"

"Dollar!" was the response of both the negroes, holding up one finger, and the chimpanzee became my property for the munificent sum of one Spanish dollar, and was transferred to the deck of the brig.

From the first moment of becoming a passenger on board the brig Maria, Tom-Tom—for so he was christened by the crew, though from whence the name was derived I could not discover—attached himself to me, not as a slave to a master, but as one gentleman would seek the society of another, for Tom-Tom was a gentleman every inch of him.

On first acquaintance I was disposed to treat Tom-Tom as I would have treated any pet, driving him away when I had become tired of playing with him, but I soon found out that I had much too grave a personage to deal with in this way. Tom-Tom was not often of a playful disposition, being rather given to study and meditation. He would sit sometimes for hours studying out some problem in seamanship, which he had not at first understood, but when he had once got the mystery through his head, he lent it his whole assistance, until finally Tom-Tom deserved to rate as a first-class seaman, for there never was a rope pulled that he was not doing his best upon the end of it, nor a bit of work done aloft that he was not a prominent worker. Many a time did he save a dangerous stretch by seizing some flying line, and bringing it to the hand from which it had slipped, and many a trip did he save aloft, sometimes on the darkest and stormiest nights, to perform actual seaman's duty.

I soon found out that Tom-Tom was totally uneducated when he came under my charge, though he had a mind that was continually grasping for knowledge. He lacked even the essentials of etiquette, though I found him much more ready to notice and accept instruction on that point than many who profess humanity and knowledge. I gave him a seat at table—for I always eat alone—from his arrival, and I had little reason, after the first week, to complain that Tom-Tom violated any of the rules of cleanliness or propriety. In the beginning he repudiated the knife and fork, and even for months would take the food from his plate with his left hand, and stick it upon the fork, before he conveyed it to his mouth, but I can truly assert that he never gave way to thrusting his fingers in the dishes, nor yet that extremely natural idea of snatching. He had his special tastes, which he always managed to signify by a concentrated gaze upon that particular dish, and a lachrymose expression of countenance which could not be withstood.

One thing I will say for Tom-Tom, which is that during the six months in which I was intimately acquainted with him, he never once gave way to any butter-fingered carelessness, but that every piece of crockery or glass with which he entrusted came from his hands unbroken and uninjured. Once I did think this character would

be forfeited when I saw an antic of his performance. It was in this way. Tom-Tom had just got through dinner, and we were sitting over our wine, a little claret and water, of which I always gave him half a goblet when I took it myself, and of which he was extravagantly fond, sitting opposite and sipping it precisely as he saw me do. On this day we were running down near San Felipe, when the report came down to me that a norther was coming. These northers come with such sudden and fearful violence, that oftentimes there is not a chance even to get in sail, let alone secure the deck. I sprang suddenly out of the cabin, followed by Tom-Tom, who, as I saw at a glance, came on deck with his goblet of claret fast grasped in his left hand. In a moment all was confusion; men rushing every way, trying to secure whatever wanted lashing on deck, and aloft taking in sail. Tom-Tom was among them all, much more active than the quickest of them, but still grasping the goblet in his left hand. At one minute he was out with the men reefing topsails, at another flying around the deck, and finally when the hurricane broke upon us, he quartered himself on the lee side of a well secured water butt, and in the very worst howling of the storm, with his right hand grasping the lashings of the butt, he enjoyed his claret, and when the blow was over, returned the goblet, safe and sound, to the cabin table.

As I am determined that Tom-Tom shall have all the character he deserves, not only as a staid and quiet but as a moral chimpanzee, I must tell that, in spite of every temptation, he could not be led into bad habits. As a matter of course he was a great favorite among the men, and there was not one of them that would not have shared his ration with Tom-Tom, but would have given him the largest part of his scanty cup of grog if he had shown an appetite that way. But Tom-Tom was a gentleman, and would never drink anything but in the cabin, all the efforts of the sailors to lead him into taking a sip of their New England rum or a chew of tobacco having met with ignominious failure.

Like all great intellects, Tom-Tom was occasionally subject to eccentricities and had powerful prejudices, which no time, persuasion or argument would remove. One of those eccentricities was that of following in my footsteps, speaking literally. Whenever I was on deck, either night or day, he was with me, and every step I took Tom-Tom was behind me, with the steadiness and gravity of a detective policeman. It was only when I stood still or seated myself that he could be induced to wander away, and then the instant my walk began, even though he was in the main-top, down he came by the run and took up his post.

Now for one of his prejudices, which was against the blacks. Whether it was that Tom-Tom's former masters, being of that color, had used him badly or not, I cannot say, as he never, even in confidence, communicated anything of it to me, but he would never make friendship with one of them on any temptation. Even further than this, Tom-Tom never missed the chance of doing the ebones an ill turn. Many a time, when we were at anchor, and he would be swinging carelessly about the rigging, he would drop, with a lightning plunge, to the end of his line, and fasten upon the wool of some luckless wretch in one of the canoes alongside, and then, before the frightened negro could recover the hair-pulling, Tom-Tom was back, far out of reach. The rigging was his favorite lounge, and his method was this: It is customary, on the west African coast, to have the hammocks on deck and there swing away the greater part of the day. When Tom-Tom first came on board, he took it into his head that he must share my hammock, an idea I soon dispelled by driving him out, there being scarce room for one. At first he took this bitterly to heart, and then, as though considering the matter, he caught up a piece of loose ratline and transferred himself and it aloft. With this ratline, which was always after this respected as Tom-Tom's property, he constructed, during his career, not less than a hundred available hammocks and swings, in every part of the vessel, in each of which he seemed to enjoy himself in most enviable comfort.

Not to make myself tiresome in talking of Tom-Tom, I can only repeat that it has been my lot in life to meet with some thousands of humans who were far behind Tom-Tom in intellect, in inventive faculty, in expressive pantomime, and in all those qualities that go towards making the genial companion and the gentleman. For seven months we were daily and hourly associates, and I am certain that during that time he never for one instant trod upon my sovereignty or made me feel that he was one too many.

I had been warned by my friends at the Cape of Good Hope that it was a dangerous experiment to attempt the bringing of Tom-Tom across the Atlantic to New York, but I could not reconcile it to myself to leave him behind. I had a conversation with him in the cabin, the day before I sailed, in which I did all the talking and he all the listening, and the result was that Tom-Tom agreed to take the chances on the voyage. I had a suit of clothes made for him from a blanket, which I put on as soon as we were off the coast, in cold weather, for it was the month of December, but it seemed as though the first chill blast struck through poor Tom-Tom. He moped and lost his liveliness, and though occasionally he would rally and admire himself before a looking-glass, in his white suit, trimmed with red, yet he refused to go on deck, and the day when the brig made Montauk light, off the eastern end of Long Island, Tom-Tom's spirit took flight, as I hope, to the happy land of chimpanzees, where there is no more unsuitable climate.

"He was nothing but a monkey," as one of the sailors said, with whom he had been friendly; "but, oh, such a monkey!" And that night, a clear, frosty one, between Christmas and New Year, when we consigned poor Tom-Tom to the blue waters, I am tolerably certain in saying that as much real sorrow went with him as does with many of our own kind.

TRIP TO THE OIL REGIONS.

THE extraordinary developments of the internal resources of America within the past 15 years is a subject of wonder, not to ourselves alone but to the whole world. The gold mines, scattered over the whole of the Pacific slope, silver, lead, copper and other products of the earth, found in such abundance in this favored country, no longer excite surprise, for they are accustomed and recognised facts, which the millions of wealth that have poured in upon us fully attest; but our new and seemingly exhaustless mine of commercial prosperity, Petroleum oil, has not only excited the wonder of all, but it has attracted to its development millions upon millions of capital, and absorbs the attention of all who have means to invest.

The fever which exists on the subject of petroleum can hardly be called a new disease. It has been going on for several years. It was at first confined to a few, who, knowing the facts, secured certain interests, quietly developed them, and drew from them profits which, even now, seem to us, fabulous. At the first, these interests were absorbed by private companies of five or six individuals, who, securing good flowing wells, speedily found avenues for disposing of their almost invaluable commodity of trade. The sudden amassing of great fortunes in our various communities could not fail to attract attention to the source from whence this vast wealth was derived, and soon the old lands of Pennsylvania became thronged by eager searchers after the rich and exhaustless treasure of the earth.

From every quarter of the country came the shrewd business man and the needy adventurer, but nature had enough and to spare for all; every hour the industry of man revealed some new mine of wealth, and the fortunate discoverers who had not the means to develop their treasures naturally sought out the great centre for sufficient means to do so.

To accomplish this great companies were formed, and what had hitherto been absorbed by individual monopolies was now thrown open for general investment, and the public, eager to share in the almost limitless profits which were certain to accrue to each successful enterprise, rushed eagerly to make the venture. So company after company was filled up, and each day new ones arose, based upon developments which every day brought forth in the various oil districts. The incomes derived from these full working companies exceed those derived from any other source of investment, and new companies are now in the field, based upon property which there is no reason to doubt will yield as magnificent returns as any which has yet been offered in the market.

There are croakers who point with doleful faces to the fact that some of the wells which originally flowed several hundreds of barrels per day are now reduced to one or two hundred. They cite this fact to prove that the supply of oil is giving out. They forget to state, however, that these wells, located on small property, have been tapped, by sinking other wells on the line, on adjacent property on either side, which striking the same vein, have drawn off a portion of the supply. To this misfortune many of the finest wells are liable, the owners not having been shrewd enough, or not having means sufficient to secure the nearest surrounding land. Companies such as the "New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company," and the "New York and Liverpool Company," which own plots of many acres together, in the best oil region, are, unquestionably, the safest to invest in, from the fact that when they strike a good flowing well, they can preserve it in its integrity by not boring or permitting to be bored another well within a distance likely to tap it.

The facts about the oil region are so curious, so interesting, and so valuable, that we shall recur to them again for the information of our readers. They are by far too voluminous to be disposed of in a single article.

Below we continue the graphic narrative of personal adventures in the heart of the petroleum regions of Pennsylvania.

On we toiled, past McClintock farm, through an evil-disposed snowstorm, hoping always that Oil City was near, and always disappointed as a matter of course. We felt it our duty to stop and inquire the distance of every man we met, and were able to judge of the state of mind the person was in, or the length of the journey before him by the sort of answer we received.

Just on the summit of a steep hill we saw a long, lank, cadaverous creature, who might have sat for a portrait of Don Quixote mounted on Rosinante, riding towards us at a furious rate. He drew rein when in speaking distance, and called out, in an agitated voice:

"I say, strangers, have you seen anything of a man on horseback, in a brown overcoat, with black kid gloves and fur on the top?"

We set down the carpet-bag and considered, debated, disputed, and finally were of the opinion that he had, somewhere on the route, seen a man who answered the description.

"That man is my brother!" cried the horseman, growing more excited. "I've chased him all the way from Meadville, and hain't overhauled him yet."

The wicked campaigner immediately remembered the lost brother distinctly, and described him so accurately that Don Quixote was bounding up and down in his saddle like an India-rubber ball, when the campaigner ended by adding that he had seen the man he spoke of the day before, at Shaffer's.

Away spurred the Don, and on we trudged, feeling lighter at heart, as men always do after perpetrating a virtuous action.

A turn in the road brought us in sight of a little crowd gathered about a wagon, that had broken through the ice-crust into the sea of mud below, with both poor horses floundering and plunging, and sinking deeper with every struggle they made. Some of the men were trying to disentangle the poor beasts from the wagon, while one fellow, apparently the driver, was hopping up and down at a little distance, never lending the slightest assistance, with his whip sticking up under his arm, like a signal of distress.

"Is that your team?" we asked.

"Yes, — 'em!" howled he, executing a war-dance that a Comanche would have delighted in, "they're mine; and I'm a waitin' for a Chinyman to strike a bargain with, again they git through to his side!"

Farther along, in the desert, we saw a party out prospecting for oil, looking as wise as though their eyes were capable of discovering oil at once, however deep it might be embowed in the earth.

We were entering now upon what looked like a city of deserted derricks, but in the midst of the desolation, showing where so many companies had possessed a brief existence, we saw two or three works in full blast, belonging to the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Company. We stopped to visit one well, and in a thoughtless manner approached the tanks with our meerschaums between our teeth. The way the men shouted "Put out your pipes!" and the campaigner bounced up in the air were very funny things to hear and see. Capt. J. S. Clark, the President of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Company, located in your city, afterwards warned us of the danger we had run in approaching so close to the tanks with our pipes lighted, the subtle gas which escapes being of the most inflammable character.

We stopped to warm at a little shanty drinking-house near by, where a group of open-mouthed listeners were gathered around a hairy, fur-capped man, with a long pipe in his mouth, and a general look of Robinson Crusoe about him. But when they told us he was an oil aristocrat, and counted the hours of each day by thousands—or counted thousands each hour—we looked at him with an involuntary respect, as the human embodiment of one's idea of the god of riches!

About the stove were gathered a group of oil aristocrats, holding earnest council, and vouchsafing no attention whatever to ordinary mortals from the height of their Olympus—not so much as standing-room near the fire, about which they were perched so luxuriously. In a corner of the room, tilted back in a chair, with his feet on the table, was the most singular specimen of an animal that I ever beheld, whether man or beast no one could decide; the face hidden in a slouched hat, a loose coat pulled over the ears, and my companion at once christened the thing "The What is It?" But I left the place without discovering what it was after all.

Everything showed that we were nearing the famous city—the roads grew worse—the travellers increased—we passed a party of oil pilgrims among whom was a man with a wooden leg—impromptu sleighs rigged in marvellous fashions and crowded with merry groups—and on we walked with renewed energy.

A turn in the road—we stopped to look at a barge loaded with oil and a skiff, breaking their way through the ice and apparently running a race, when behold! just below lay the goal of our journey, that bourn from which so many travellers return "sadder if not better men!"

We gave a shout—drank a libation to the gods in our last draught of Bourbon, and on we pushed towards the rocky entrance of the Aladdin city.

Just as the campaigner flung down the bottle upon the ice, a young woman in skirts short enough to have suited a ballet dancer, with a pair of boots an Equimaux might have envied, swept past us as if borne on the wind—a fine specimen of an Oil City belle—out for exercise. She vouchsafed us one glance of scorn and swept on, leaving us to enter the town extremely crestfallen, the campaigner in particular wearing a generally drooping look, that made a delightful contrast to the buoyancy his face had worn just before that unlucky encounter.

THE INDIAN CORN OF PERU.

WE last week gave an extract from the address of Mr. E. G. Squier, before the Farmers' Club of this city, referring to the Peruvian grain called Quinua. We now submit another extract on the Maize or Indian Corn of that country, with the single observation that the specimens presented by Mr. Squier excited equally the wonder and admiration of all who saw them.

Maize, or Indian Corn, is found everywhere in Peru, except in the high Puno, and presents itself in numerous varieties. I shall not enter into a discussion of the question whether it is indigenous in Peru, but am able to assert that it existed there at a very early period. I found it, in making excavations among the ruins of Pachacamac and elsewhere, buried with the dead in places where there were three layers deep, and where the walls of structures, ruined centuries ago, had been built over the forgotten graves.

On the coast, the maize flourishes very well, but ripens slowly, and is liable to mildew. The ears are generally short, but with a small cob, set round with more rows than ours. The ordinary variety is yellow, but there is also the white, and a stumpy variety of red and dark blue. The latter is most frequently found in the ancient graves, with the desiccated bodies of the dead.

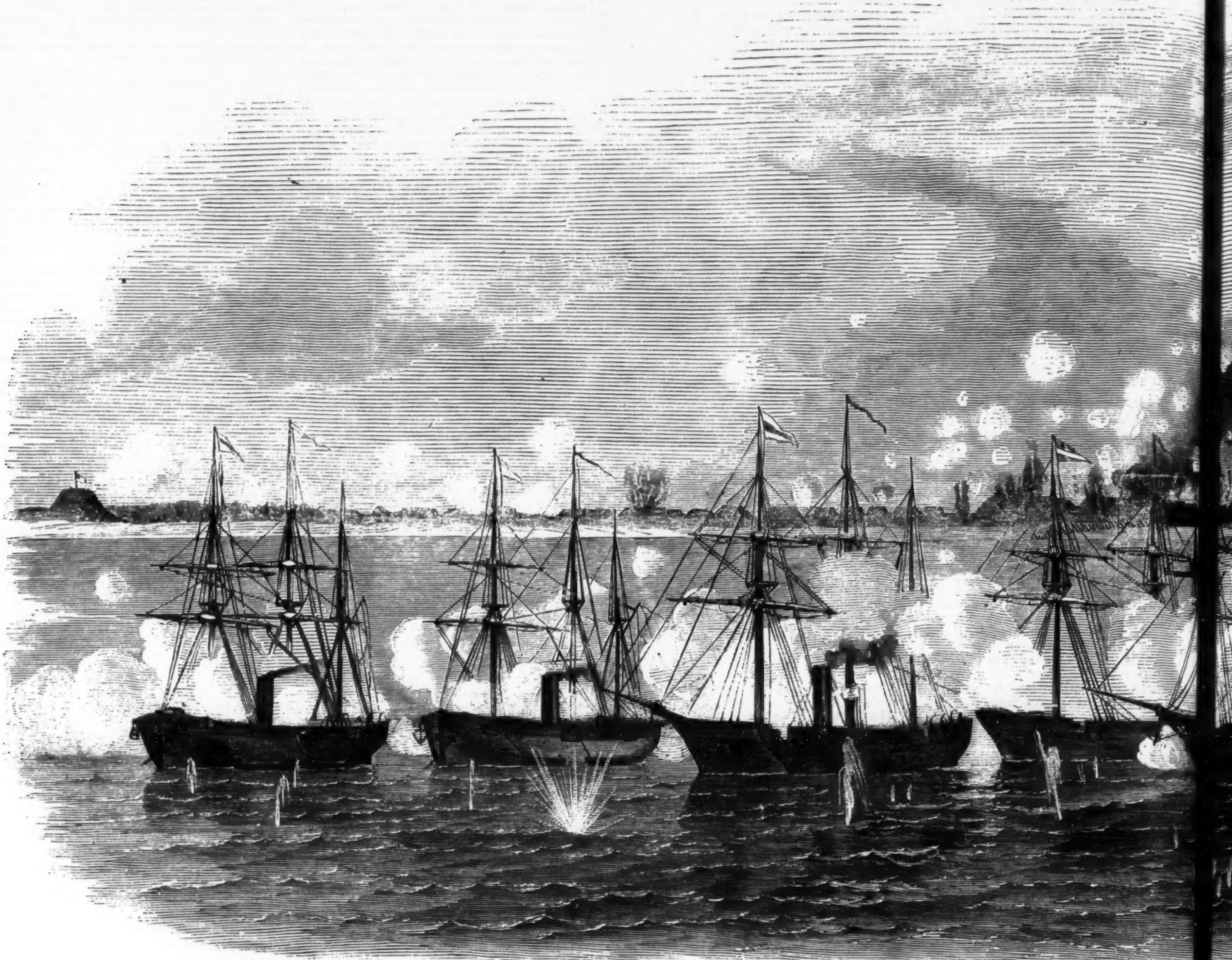
In the Puno it will not grow at all, except in the immediate vicinity of Lake Titicaca, and on the islands in the lake. Here the stalk attains from two to two and a half feet in height, and the ear—which is seldom more than three inches long—starts from the ground close to the foot. The production is therefore very small, and the grain is almost wholly used for parching, for which purpose it is unsurpassed. The "parched corn" of the Puno would make the fortune of the old woman with the apple-stand on the corner, or the lame man who supplies the offices "down-town."

This maize, or rather that produced on the sacred islands of Lake Titicaca, and on the Peninsula of Copalim, was dedicated to the Inca, and made into bread for him by the Virgins of the Sun. It was also used in the rites of the ancient religion.

But the maize per excellence of Peru is that produced in the deep valleys of the snowy Andes, through which the head waters of the Amazon have their course. These valleys are relatively warm, even at the latitude of from 9,000 to 11,000 feet above the sea. They are very narrow, often nothing more than gigantic chasms, where the rivers flow between almost precipitous walls of rock, but sometimes they widen out and give strips of fertile land which the Incas widened by terracing up the sides of the adjacent mountains.

In these places the soil is usually rich, and is pressed up to its full measure of production by careful irrigation. The valley most famous for its maize is that of Yucay, or Urubamba, about 18 miles N. E. of Cuzco, the old Inca capital, through which flows the river Vilcanota, one of the principal sources of the Amazon. This, though small, is perhaps the finest and richest valley in Peru. It was here that the Incas had their royal gardens, their baths, in short, what might be called their country seat. These lands are all beautifully levelled, and nowhere in the world is there so fine and symmetrical a system of terraces, or so complete a system of irrigation.

Flanked by mountains of disintegrated limestone, the soil of the valley is wonderfully rich; and here is found the celebrated maize real, or royal maize of Yucay. The stalk of the maize is rather thick and stout, the leaves rather broad than long, and very fleshy. It grows no higher than good corn in New York and Pennsylvania. The ear, as will be seen, is short but very thick, and the grain twice or three times as large as those of our largest varieties of maize. Five or six ears of nearly equal size on each stalk is a common product, and makes this maize probably the most productive in the world. The pellicle or skin of the grain is thin, and the interior farinaceous to an unequalled degree. The same varieties of color exist here as on the coast, viz., white, yellow, dark red, and black or blue black. The black variety is sweetest, and hence is most sought for purposes of fermenting in making chicha. The white is merely boiled, the pellicle peeled off, and then eaten with pepper and salt or with sugar. I may mention that the maize in the Sierra of Peru is planted in rows, and not, as with us, in hills.



Round Battery.

Ticonderoga, Capt. Stedman.

Shenandoah, Capt. Ridgely.

Tuscarora, Capt. Fralley.

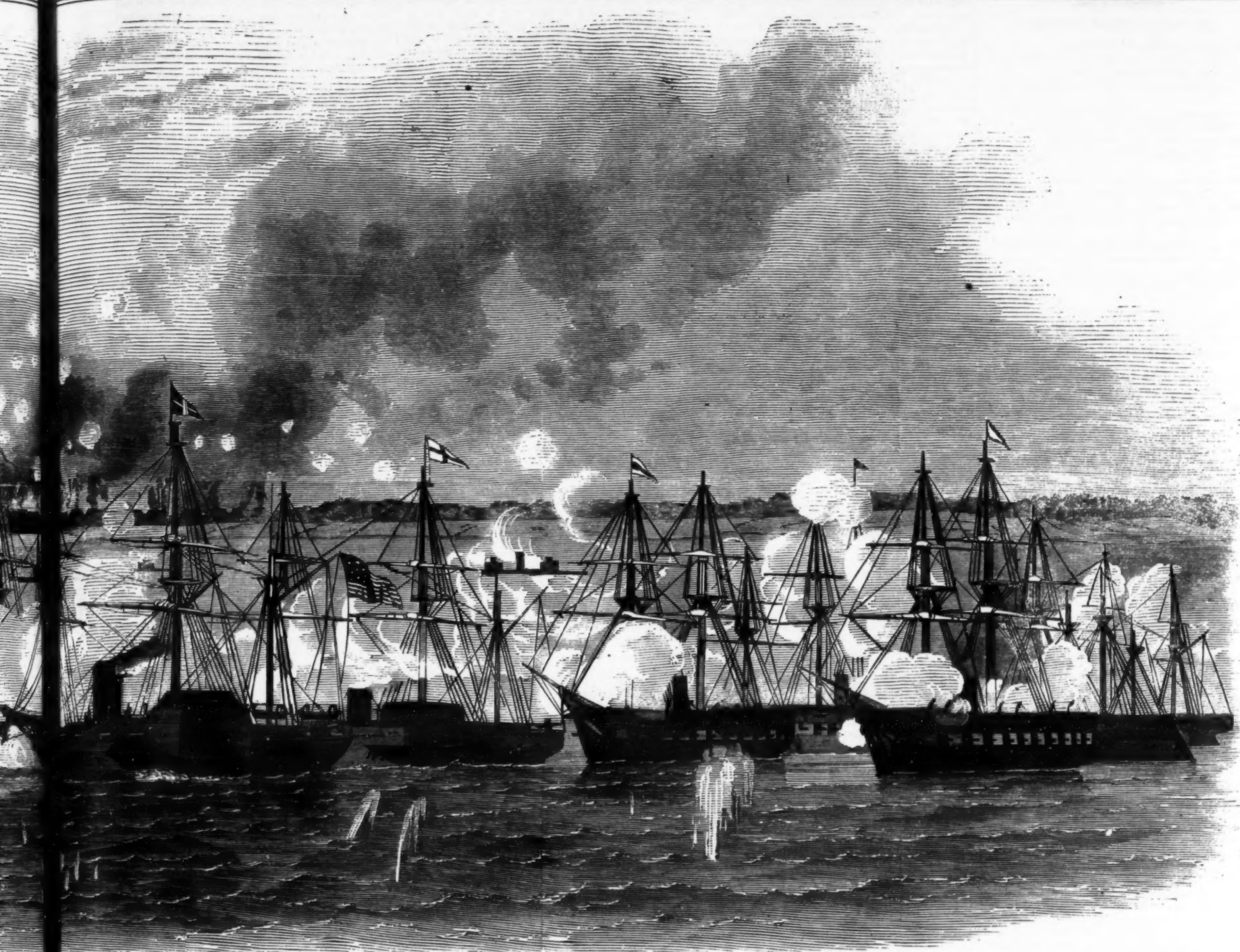
Junista, Com. Phelps.

Mahopac.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C., JAN. 15—SHOWING THE



RECEPTION OF SECRETARY STANTON BY SHERMAN'S ARMY, SAVANNAH, GA., JAN. 12—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



Mahopac, Commodore Schenck. Cannonicus, Lieut.-Com. Belknap. Minnesota, Commodore Lanman. Brooklyn, Capt. Alden.
 Powhattan, Commodore Schenck. Susquehanna, Commodore Godon. Wabash, Capt. Smith. New Ironsides, Commodore Radford.
 OF BATTLE OF ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY ENSIGN LATOCK, OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. Colorado, Commodore Thatcher.



REVIEW OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY BY GEN. SHERMAN, AT SAVANNAH, GA., JAN. 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

SUNBEAMS.

BY WILLIAM ADRIAN HUNTLEY.

A BABY sat on his mother's knee,
On the golden morn of a summer's day,
Clapping his tiny hands in glee,
As he watched the shifting sunbeams play.

A sunbeam glanced through the open door,
With its shimmering web of atoms fine,
And crept along on the sandbed floor
In a glittering, glimmering, golden line.

The baby laughed in his wild delight,
And clutched at the quivering, golden band;
But the sunbeam fled from his eager sight,
And nought remained in his dimpled hand.

For a cloud had swept o'er the summer sky,
And gathered the beam to its bosom gray,
And wrapped, in a mantle of sombre dye,
The glory and pride of the summer's day.

Thus cheated sore in his eager quest,
With a puzzled look that was sad to see,
He laid his head on his mother's breast,
And gazed in the dear face wistfully.

The cloud swept by and the beam returned;
But the weary child was slumbering now,
And heeded it not, though it glowed and burned
Like a crown of flame on his baby brow.

And I thought: Ah, babe! thou art not alone
In thy bootless quest for a fleeting toy;
For we all are babes, little wiser grown,
In our chase for some idle and transient joy.

We are grasping at sunbeams, day by day,
And get but our toil for our weary pains,
For ever some cloudlet obscures the ray,
And nought in the sordid grasp remains.

But when the lures of our youth depart,
And our empty strivings are all forgot,
Then down in some nook of the peaceful heart
The sunbeam glows when we seek it not.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELIZABETH'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARSH-MONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.—COLTONSLOUGH.

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN went back to his hotel in Covent Garden after that quiet dinner at the Cedars, and his mind was full of the new images suggested by that brief glimpse of a life that was strange to him. He had been very much interested by Miss Desmond, and he tried to believe that he preferred her to Maude Hillary. Had she not been kinder to him, more friendly and familiar? and was it not reasonable that he should like her the better of the two? He was naturally of a grateful disposition, disposed to think meanly of his own merits, and he attributed all Miss Desmond's kindness to the purest promptings of a benevolent disposition. The idea that the young lady had regarded him from a speculative point of view, that she had entertained any notion of possible marriage contracts and settlements, by which she might acquire the use of his thirty thousand per annum, never for a moment entered Mr. Tredethlyn's mind. He knew, in a general way, that he was admitted to Mr. Hillary's drawing-room because his money gave him a kind of right to such society as that of the merchant's household; but he never for a moment imagined that any one of these delightful and high-bred creatures could contemplate any contingency by which his money might become of service to them. Wealth and beauty, elegance and refinement, seemed to find their natural home at the Cedars. Miss Desmond of course was rich, like Miss Hillary.

Francis counted the days which must elapse before that delightful Sabbath to be spent by him at the Cedars. Only three days, and during those three days stern duty called him away from London. Had he not declared himself ready to go to the end of the world in search of his cousin Susan Tredethlyn? He felt ashamed even of that one wasted day on the banks of the Thames. He had left his hotel in the morning, intending to dispatch his city business with all possible speed, and start immediately afterwards for Coltonslough. He had found out all about Coltonslough by means of all manner of inquiries, for it seemed rather an out-of-the-way place, known to very few people as yet. Indeed, Coltonslough turned out to be a recently discovered watering-place on the Essex coast, a place whose shores were supposed to be washed by the salt waves of the ocean; but the waste of waters that rolled along the muddy shores of Coltonslough was only an ocean in its hobbledehood, and savored too much of the Thames and Medway to be considered a full-grown sea.

To the traveller who has grown familiar with the centre of Africa, to that bold explorer who has spent lonely days and nights amidst those darksome forests in which the forgotten cities of America lie buried, to the prisoner newly released from solitary confinement in the great prison-house of New York, so pleasantly entitled the Tombs, to one of these newly-discovered watering-places may not appear dull. He who has been used to hear no more familiar voice than the distant cry of the bittern, far away amongst the swampy wilderness, may endure Horne Bay and live. The criminal who has undergone a decade of solitary confinement in the Tombs may possibly survive a month at Southend; but to the ordinary mind there is a modern abomination of desolation lurking in the unfinished terraces of a budding watering-place, or in a watering-place which has put forth its tender blossoms in the way of bow-windowed recep-

tacles for the concentrated bleakness of perpetual east winds, and has been blighted in the bud.

Coltonslough was very young; it was in the most infantine stage of watering-place existence. Speculative builders had bought half a dozen plots of swamp and mud, and had erected dismal rows of houses, which turned their backs upon one another, and started off at right angles from one another, in utter contempt for all uniformity. If the melancholy sojourner at Coltonslough was of an active turn of mind, he was apt to be tormented by a wild desire to pull down and rearrange those straggling terraces, between which stretched hideous deserts of waste ground, with here and there a lurking pitfall, whence gravel, or sand, or clay, or chalk had been dug by unknown persons, who seemed always digging something or other out of Coltonslough, whereby an appearance of volcanic disruption was imparted to a place whose chief merit had been its agreeable flatness.

It was very young. A few straggling excursionists came on the blazing summer Sundays, and prowled about the shore with countenances expressive of supreme disappointment and disgust. Half a dozen families of cockney children were wont to congregate by the dismal waters every summer, provided with baskets for the collection of shells—and there were no shells at Coltonslough—and further provided with wooden spades for the undermining of sand—and there was no sand at that baby watering-place. Families did certainly come, beguiled by representations of impossibly cheap provisions, though the place was in reality very expensive, for every tradesman was a monopolist on a small scale. Families came, but no family ever came a second time to Coltonslough, and it may be that in the wonderful scheme of the universe, this new-born watering-place was not without its special use; inasmuch as it made people contented with London. The inhabitant of Bermondsey, returning to that locality after a sojourn at Coltonslough, found beauties in some dismal street which until that hour had appeared to his prosaic mind a street, and nothing more. The denizen of Ratcliff Highway sat down amongst his household gods, well pleased with a neighborhood which, although not unobjectionable, was a paradise as compared with Coltonslough.

It was to this place of desolation that a newly finished offshoot of the railway then known as the Eastern Counties conveyed Francis Tredethlyn. He went to look for his cousin, with no better clue to help him in his search than that one word, "Coltonslough," copied from the postmark of Susan's letter.

"But I won't be baffled," the young man thought, as he sat in the railway carriage thinking of the task that lay before him; "Coltonslough may be a big place, but I'll question every living creature in it before I'll give up the chance of finding out something about my cousin."

Luckily for Mr. Tredethlyn's chances, Coltonslough was a very small place, and after walking backwards and forwards for some quarter of an hour before the emporium of the one butcher, the solitary baker, who dabbled a little in the fruit and confectionery line, and the single grocer—who was also a linendraper, and beyond that a stationer, who had a side of bacon hanging on one side of his door, and a piece of showy cotton stuff upon the other, and who, moreover, was sole master of the Coltonslough post-office—Francis determined upon his plan of action. He had thought of his cousin very constantly in the few days before his visit to Mr. Hillary's mansion; he had thought of her a great deal since then, though he had not found it quite so easy to concentrate his ideas, by reason of a certain bright face and slender figure, all in a flutter of white and blue, that would sometimes intrude themselves upon his meditations.

Francis knew that his uncle's daughter had left Tredethlyn Grange with only a few sovereigns in her pocket, perhaps not much more than enough to defray her journey to London. Without money, without friends, she had fled from her home, and had not perished; but had lived to write to her father from this dismal watering-place of Coltonslough, some years after her flight. It was clear, therefore, that in the interim she must have either been supported by the benevolence of strangers, or she must have earned her own living. The last hypothesis was the more likely to be correct. Susan Tredethlyn had been educated to habits of industry, and had no doubt confronted the battle of life as fearlessly as any Tredethlyn should confront any battle.

"Poor little girl! she went out as a servant, I dare say," thought the young man. "She drudged and slaved for some hard mistress, perhaps, while her father was adding every day to the money that has come to me—to me—and he refused me a couple of hundred pounds the night my mother was dying."

Mr. Tredethlyn went in at the grocer's doorway. There was scarcely room enough for him to pass between the bacon and the cotton stuff, which some aboriginal of Coltonslough would some day transform into wearing apparel. The postmaster was chopping some very sallow-hued lump sugar in the dusky inner regions of the shop; but he left off chopping, and advanced to meet the stranger.

Francis Tredethlyn was no diplomatist. He was quite unskilled in that peculiar science known as beating about the bush, so he began to make inquiries respecting his cousin with as little preface as he would have employed had he been asking for a pound of sugar.

"I'm a stranger in this place," he said, "and I want to ask a few questions; and I fancy as you're postmaster, you must be about the likeliest person to answer them."

The grocer rubbed his hands and smirked, in a manner that was expressive of a general desire to do anything obliging—of course with an eye to ultimate profit.

"A young woman—a relation of mine—left her home four years ago this month. For three years

no one belonging to her could discover where she was. At the end of that time a letter was received from her, bearing the postmark of this place. I want to find out whether she is still here; or, if not, when she left. I have only just come back from Van Diemen's Land, to find things changed in the place that was once my home. So I'm groping in the dark, you see, and shall be very thankful to any one that'll lend me a helping hand."

Something in the frankness of his manner, the earnestness of his face, went straight home to the heart of the Coltonslough postmaster, who became less a tradesman, and more a man.

"It is rather puzzling, you see, in the way you put it," he said, scratching his nose meditatively. "You want a young woman who wrote a letter—or, leastways, had a letter posted at this place. But, lor bless you, not being under Government yourself, you see, you have no notion of the dodges they're up to when they want to throw any one off the scent like with a postmark. You mustn't fancy a person's in this place or in that place, because you happen to get a letter from them with such and such a postmark. Why, I desay I could get a letter posted from Jericho to-morrow morning, if I only gave my mind to it. What might be the name of the young woman as you are anxious to find?"

"Her name is Tredethlyn," Francis answered, hopelessly; "but as she ran away from home, and most likely wanted to hide herself from her relations, she may have changed her name."

The postmaster mused for a few moments, and then shook his head gravely.

"I never heard of no Tredevillings in Coltonslough," he said. "The young person was independent in her circumstances, I suppose?"

"Oh no, indeed! she had very little money when she left home. She must have worked for her living. I should think it likely she went out as a servant, for she was a country-bred girl, and had been used to a hard life, though her father was a very rich man."

A very rich man! That part of the business sounded interesting, and the grocer pricked up his ears.

"A country-bred young person," he repeated, "by the name of Tredevillane. And what might be the date of the letter with the Coltonslough postmark?"

Francis did not know the exact date. He could only inform the postmaster that the letter must have reached Cornwall about eighteen months, or it might be rather less than eighteen months, before the present time.

"Cornwall!" cried the postmaster; "then the country-bred young woman was a Cornwall young woman?"

"Yes; my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn, was a Cornish woman."

"A Cornish woman, and by the name of Susan! Why, if you'd put the date of the letter a good three years back, instead of a year and a half, I should have been able to lay my hand upon y'r cousin, there and then, in a manner of speaking."

"How so?"

"Because I did know a young person that lived with Mrs. Burfield in Trafalgar Terrace. But that young person left Coltonslough full three years ago, and I've never set eyes on her since."

"But tell me all you know about her!" exclaimed Francis, almost breathless in his eagerness. "What was she like? Why do you fancy that she was the girl I am looking for?"

"Because, in the first place, she was Cornish. I'd noticed that her talk was different, somehow, from that of the folks about here—though she was as soft spoken as any lady bred and born; but one day she was standing in my shop, with the children as she had care of, taking shelter from a storm, and a regular pelt it was too, and she stood looking out to sea through yonder half-glass door, which it were shut for the time being, and I made some remark about the unpleasantness of the weather, out of politeness like—for the young woman came very often to my shop for groceries and with lodgers' letters—Mrs. Burfield takes lodgers, and so forth—but she looked at me in a kind of absent way, and said, 'Oh, I like it! I like it!' 'You like the storm, miss?' I exclaimed, and then she answered all of a sudden, 'Yes, I like to see it. This place doesn't seem so strange to me to-day as it generally does. I've seen just such a storm as this from the moor on which my father's house stands, and I could almost fancy I was at home in Cornwall.'"

"And that's how you found out she was a Cornish woman. I think you've about hit it, Mr. Sanders. I think the girl who talked to you about the storm must have been my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn."

"Her name was Susan," answered Mr. Sanders. "I've heard Mrs. Burfield's children call her so in this very shop. She came to Coltonslough as governess to Mrs. Burfield's young family."

"A governess!" said Francis, with some slight sense of relief. "She was a governess, then, and not a servant?"

"Oh dear, no! Though Coltonslough being a very small place, you see, sir, and most of the inhabitants being a good deal dependent upon lodgers, which gives a kind of fluctuating character to life, as you may say, sir, a governess in Coltonslough might not be looked upon exactly in the same light as elsewhere. Or, to put it plainer, sir, a governess in Coltonslough would not be expected to be proud."

"Oh, I understand," Mr. Tredethlyn answered, rather bitterly. "Yes, my cousin was a genteel drudge—not so well paid, perhaps, as vulgar drudges, and rather harder worked."

"The young person was always genteel, sir, even to the extent of wearing gloves, which is not looked upon as indispensable in Coltonslough; but in the matter of going errands and opening the door, or carrying in a lodger's teatray at a push, she would not be expected to be proud."

"And she left three years ago?"

"She did, sir."

The postmaster looked very grave as he said

this—so grave that Francis Tredethlyn could not fail to perceive that something worse than he had yet heard remained to be told. He was not a man to diplomatise, nor yet to make any display of his emotion, but his breath came a little faster for a few moments, and then he asked, abruptly—

"How did she leave?"

Mr. Sanders hesitated a little, and then said, with some embarrassment—

"Why, Coltonslough being a gossiping kind of a place, sir, you're apt to hear ever so many different versions of the same thing, and it isn't for me to say which is right and which is wrong. I think as it's a long story, sir, you'd better hear the rights of it from Mrs. Burfield."

"A long story!" repeated Francis Tredethlyn, in an undertone, "a long story! Ah, my poor little cousin—my poor ill-used girl! And it seems only a little while ago when we played together in the churchyard at Landreale, in the sunny hour when they let us out of school."

It did seem to him but a very little while since he and his cousin had sat side by side under one of the big yew trees in Landreale churchyard, dining upon some simple repast of home-made bread and fat bacon, with a dessert of unripe apples, in the drowsy sultriness of a summer noon-tide. He sat for some few minutes, silently thinking of that departed time. The memory of it seemed almost like a sharp physical pain, now that he knew that some great sorrow, some bitter woman's trial, had come to his cousin. A story about her—a long story! What story should gossiping tongues have to tell of any woman, except a history of suffering and wrong?

He did not press the postmaster to tell him anything further, but he said presently, in an altered voice, a voice that had lost something of its power and ringing vibration:

"I can get to see this Mrs. Burfield, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I make no doubt you can. She is a very genteel person, is Mrs. Burfield, which she have known better days, and finds herself often a little drove like with her lodgers. Her house is No. 2, sir, in the Terrace, Trafalgar Square, fronting sideways, and rather slantin' like, to the sea. You can see it, sir, from where you stand."

Following the direction of the postmaster's extended forefinger, Francis Tredethlyn did see a row of unfinished-looking houses, with the inevitable seaside bow-windows, staring out on a patch of waste ground. Why these houses, and almost all the other houses of Coltonslough should have slanted away from the sea, obliging the occupants to look out upon the expanse of waters in a sideways and sinister manner, when they might have been built directly facing that single feature of attraction, was a problem far beyond the comprehension of any visitor to the infantine watering-place.

CHAPTER II.—A VERY OLD STORY.

MRS. BURFIELD was a pale-faced and pinched-looking person, hollow-cheeked and spare figure, who in these latter days would have inspired a stranger with the idea that she was a rigid disciplinarian of the school founded by Mr. Banting. She looked as if all saccharine and fatty elements had been carefully excluded from her food; and yet, on the other hand, she had none of the muscular energy which might be supposed to result from a carnivorous habit. She was a depressing kind of woman, with thin locks of whitish-brown hair dangling upon each side of her thin face, and thin garments hanging limply upon her scant figure, and a thin voice. There was something in Mrs. Burfield's appearance which called up vague images of drizzly days, and pattens, and washing done at home, and a man in the passage clamorous for a water rate, and all the most unpleasant associations of poverty.

She was a woman who prefaced every sentence she uttered with a sigh. She sighed as she admitted to Mr. Tredethlyn that her name was Burfield, as if even that fact were in some manner an affliction. She sighed as she told him, apologetically, that the house was full of lodgers, so she must ask him to step down into the little sitting-room below stairs. And yet, as she subsisted by the letting of lodgings, the crowded state of her house should have been a cause for rejoicing.

Francis had some slight difficulty in conveying his long legs down the narrow little staircase, in which there was a breakneck corner, whence awkward maid-servants were wont to precipitate themselves headlong, in company with an avalanche of teacups; but he managed to find his way down somehow or other, and was ushered into a little faded-looking underground parlor, where all the furniture seemed to have undergone a prolonged course of Banting, and where the evidence of children's habitation was untidily visible in every direction. The children were all at school, however, Mrs. Burfield told Francis, with another sigh; though, as she added directly afterwards that they drove her next door to raving madness when they were at home, that fact need scarcely have depressed her.

"I had a governess for them some time back," she said, unconsciously approaching the subject of Mr. Tredethlyn's business with her, "and the young person was very useful to me in many ways but things have been so dull, and lodgers so uncertain, and so close as to rent and kitchen fire, and such like, that I couldn't afford to engage another young person, if I could have found any one as reasonable and as willing as her, which wasn't likely."

Here Mrs. Burfield sighed again, and to her surprise found herself echoed by her visitor.

"It is about that person, the governess, that I have come to inquire," said Francis. "I have reason to believe—I may say that I am almost sure—she is my cousin, very near and very dear to me. Pray tell me all you can about her. I am a rich man, and am looking for my cousin, who has a better claim than I have to the money that has lately come to me. Pray tell me everything—you shall not find me ungrateful. I will make it well worth your while to help me in this matter."

It might be supposed that Mrs. Burfield, being

ground into the very dust by the iron heel of poverty, would brighten a little on hearing this promising speech; but she did nothing of the kind, she only sighed rather more plaintively than usual, and remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, that her boys were beginning to grow up now, and the boots they knocked out, and the way they wore their things at the knees and elbows, were something awful.

"Tell me all you can about my cousin," urged Mr. Tredethlyn. "Ah, you don't know how long I have been away from England, and how eager I am to find that poor desolate girl. Pray tell me all you know, and quickly."

"It's a long story," said Mrs. Burfield, in the very words used by the grocer, "it's a long story, and goodness knows the rights or the wrongs of it; but if you are her cousin—and you are, I suppose—"

"I do not think there can be any doubt of it," Francis Tredethlyn answered, eagerly. "I do not think there can be any doubt that the person of whom I have heard this morning was my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn."

"The young person to whom I alluded called herself Susan Turner."

"Yes, yes. It is only natural she should change her name. She left her home because she had been very much persecuted there. She was no doubt afraid of being taken back, and was anxious to hide herself under a false name."

"If I had known that she had come to me under a false name, never would she have slept a night in this house," exclaimed Mrs. Burfield, with something between a sigh and a shudder.

"She was a good and honest girl, under whatever name she came to you," answered Francis Tredethlyn, "but pray tell me the story."

But Mrs. Burfield could not immediately comply with this request; she had to go into the kitchen first, to see that "the girl" was basting some mutton that was being roasted for a very fastidious "front parlor," who had a rooted objection to baked meats; and then she had to go out into a little area, in which the window looked out, and to hold parley with some person above, who dropped her down divers leaves, and disputed with her as to a certain "twopenny German," which had been had, or had not been had, on the previous Tuesday. At last, however, she was able to seat herself opposite poor Francis, and to begin her story, from the narration of which she seemed to derive a diabolical kind of enjoyment.

"It's close upon seven years since my poor dear husband died," Mrs. Burfield began, and for some little time Francis Tredethlyn was afraid that she was going to favor him with a sketch of her own personal history, rather than that story which he was so eager to know. "It's close upon seven years, seven years of toil and trouble for me, and up to that time I'd never known what it was to want for anything, in a moderate way. He was managing clerk in an insurance office, sir; and was as fine a looking man as you need wish to see; but he was taken—sudden—and I was left alone to provide for four young children. Well, sir, I tried one thing and another, but being genteely brought up, things seemed to go harder with me than they go with some people; and at last an uncle, on my mother's side, who is very wealthy, and lately retired from the patent chimney-pot business, gave me enough to buy a little furniture, and start fresh down here."

"It's been a hard life, sir, but I shouldn't have so much minded that if it hadn't been for the children; I couldn't bear to see them running wild upon the shore, or playing with vulgar, dirty children on the waste ground; so, a little better than four years ago, I thought I'd try if I couldn't get a person to take care of them, who'd be a kind of governess to them, and would give me a helping hand with the house when my lodgings were full, and wouldn't want above a few pounds a year, just to get herself a new gown once in a way, and so on."

"Well, sir, I inquired for such a person, but I might just as well inquire for anything you wanted on Robinson Crusoe's island as at Coltonslough, unless it's Queen's taxes and poor rates, and you can have plenty of them without asking. So at last some one says to me—I think it was Mr. Sanders at the post-office—'Why don't you advertise in the Times, Mrs. Burfield? it'll cost you a trifle, but you're sure to get what you want.' So the long and the short of it was, I did advertise for a genteel person who would undertake to teach young children, and make herself generally useful, in consideration of a comfortable home and a honorarium of ten pounds per annum. Mr. Sanders advised me to put it in the light of a honorarium, as he said it looked more that way. A young person from the country preferred, I stated in the advertisement, for the things that lodgers from London bring down with their luggage, and then turn round upon you and object to the bedding, had quite set me against Londoners."

"Well, sir, I got a good many answers, but the best written letter was signed Susan Turner. So I wrote to Miss Turner—the address was at a little coffee-house near the Great Western terminus—and I told her that if she liked to come down to Coltonslough for an interview, I would be her expenses one way. Well, she came, and I found her a very pleasant-spoken, respectable-looking young person, and I took to her at first sight to that degree, that I allowed her to come to me without reference, she being at variance, as she told me, with her relations in the country."

"She came to you at once, then?"

"Yes, she stayed with me there and then, not caring to go back to London, the strangeness of which frightened her, she said; and she had no luggage, except a little bit of a carpetbag, full of things, which she sent for next day; and then by-and-bye the truth came out, that she'd run away from home. But she had a couple of sovereigns, and she went out and bought herself a few more things, and made herself as neat and comfortable as she could. She didn't make much

secret of how she'd left her home, poor girl. Her father had wanted her to marry against her own wishes, she said, and in her fear of him she had run away."

"Poor girl! poor girl!" "Well, sir," sighed Mrs. Burfield, "we got on very comfortable for some months. I never met a young person more kind or more willing. The children took to her as if she'd been their own sister, and she was altogether the steadiest, most industrious young person. Things had gone pretty comfortable with me that season, and in the autumn, quite late, going on for November, when people don't expect to see a single lodger in all Coltonslough, what should I hear, one afternoon, but the wheels of a fly, and a tremendous double knock at my door; and who should I see when I opened it but a tall, handsome-looking gentleman, who walked straight into my parlor, and took the rooms, off-hand, and without so much as inquiring what the terms would be, which, considering the haggling and beating down I'd been accustomed to in the very best part of the season, seemed almost like a dream."

Mrs. Burfield had warmed with her subject, and had refrained for some time from the relief of a sigh; but she paused now to indulge herself in a very heavy one, and then, after a general disquisition upon the sorrows of a lodging-house keeper, went on:

"He really was one of the handsomest, easiest-spoken gentlemen I ever met with, and he seemed to take away one's breath almost, he had such a dashing kind of way with him, that if you'd shut your eyes, you'd almost have fancied him on horseback, galloping away for dear life. He seemed all upon the prance, as it were, if I may use the observation. 'Now I dare say you'll want references,' he said, 'and if so, I can't give you any without putting myself to more trouble than I care about. But you can have some rent in advance, if that'll do, and I've no end of luggage, if that'll do.' And then he flung himself into one of the arm chairs, and burst out laughing when it creaked and groaned, as it were, under him; for lodgers have no more feeling for an unprotected female's furniture than if they was so many Ojibway Indians—and I can't deny that the parlor chairs were uncertain; but I didn't mind the strange gentleman making game of them, somehow, for he had such a pleasant way with him, and showed his white teeth, and looked so handsome, that he seemed quite to brighten up the place."

"Well, he said, presently, 'can you guess why I came to Coltonslough in the month of November?' And of course I told him no, I couldn't, not having the pleasure of being acquainted with him. Upon which he burst out laughing again. 'I came here,' he said, 'because I was told Coltonslough was about the dullest place upon the surface of the earth, and I mean to stay here till after Christmas. So you may tell the man outside to bring in my luggage, and look sharp about it.' Upon which the flyman brought in a couple of big portmanteaus, and a guncase, and a hatbox, and two of the heaviest trunks that ever came into my passage. 'Books, ma'am, books, every one of them, and all as heavy as lead,' said the young gentleman, as the corners of the boxes went scratching and bumping upon the paper—and the way lodgers' boxes do scratch and bump an unprotected female's paper is something awful. But for all that I wasn't sorry to see plenty of luggage, though the books might have been brickbats, neatly packed in hay, as has been known to happen in this very terrace. 'Well, ma'am,' says the gentleman, when his luggage had all been brought in and the flyman paid, 'now I can settle down comfortably. Do I look as if I'd been plucked, do you think, ma'am?' he asked, looking at me very hard, and sticking his hands deep down in his pockets, which was one of those ways of his that I venture to call prancing. I didn't quite catch his meaning, but I thought he had alluded to something unpleasant, so I said: 'No, indeed, I should think not.' 'But I have, ma'am,' he answered, looking at me in a measuring sort of a way, as if I'd been a five-barred gate, and he was just going to fly clean over me; and that measuring look of his was another of his galling ways. 'But I have been plucked, ma'am,' he said, 'as clean as any fowl that they ever send you home from the poulterer's. I'm a featherless biped, ma'am. So I've come down to Coltonslough, being, as I understand, the dullest hole upon earth's crust, and I mean to go in a perisher.' 'A perisher,' was his expression. 'And I mean to read like old boots, so you may let your servant light me a fire, ma'am, and get me some chops; for I suppose I must resign myself to an existence sustained upon chops so long as I'm at Coltonslough.'"

REBEL IRONCLAD ATTACK ON CITY POINT, VA.

At two o'clock on the morning of Jan. 24th a rebel fleet, consisting of the ironclad Virginia, Richmond and Fredericksburg, three wooden rams and two smaller wooden vessels, came down the James river, apparently destined for City Point, where our shipping, depots and supplies offered a rich bait. A freighter in the river lifted them safely over the obstructions which our commanders had placed above City Point, with the exception of the heavy ironclad Virginia and Richmond, which grounded, when the Fredericksburg turned to rejoin them.

A furious engagement between all the vessels of the rebel fleet and their land works, on the one side, and the Union batteries, on the other, was then commenced. This was continued from early on Tuesday morning till between 12 and 1 o'clock in the afternoon. About day-break a shell from one of the Union guns exploded in the magazine of the rebel ram Drewry, and blew her up. After suffering this disaster they returned discomfited towards Richmond. Some rebel troops which were landed on Farrar's island, in the James, for the purpose of co-operating with the fleet, were driven off by a Union force. Their entire plan resulted in failure. The Union casualties in the whole affair were very slight.

REVIEW OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY,

And Enthusiastic Reception of Secretary Stanton, at Savannah, Ga.

On the 12th of January a grand review was had of Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry in front of the Exchange in Bay street, by Gen. Sherman, in the presence of Sec. of War Stanton and a brilliant group of Major and Brigadier Generals, besides a numerous staff corps. The day was auspicious, and thousands of soldiers and civilians witnessed the pageant.

After the review Col. Barnum proposed to the crowd three cheers for Sec. of War Stanton, Gen. Sherman, and his army. Secretary Stanton gracefully acknowledged the compliment by bowing from his carriage, and immediately waving his claim proposed instead three cheers and a tiger for President Lincoln. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed until Mr. Stanton was driven away, after unsuccessful calls from the crowd for a speech.

THE SLEIGHRIDE.

THE hardest of all things to describe is that which everybody is familiar with. An English author has said, that everybody thinks that he can edit a paper, keep an hotel, govern a State, manage a theatre, play the violin and drive a sleigh. If the reader knows anything about sleigh driving, he knows that it is a very difficult matter, requiring a keen eye, nerve, strength of wrist, and a general indifference to results. It sometimes seems to us that the old-fashioned seasons have departed; modern winters are not what they used to be. Snow no longer rests upon the ground from November till May; it no sooner falls than it disappears. The effect is, that sleighing has ceased to be the fine art it was in the days when Poe said:

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tinnitulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells!"

A sleighride, however, depends very much upon whom you take it with. But this our readers know without being told.

On the road to Harlem there was a bridge called the "kissing bridge," the toll for passing which we leave to the imagination of young ladies. It is only those who have tasted the excitement of a race can enter into the spirit of our sketch. All, however, can see that it is a contest between town and country. We can almost hear the old lady tell her husband, "not to let the new-fangled thing get ahead, for their nag can't be beat, and if it is, it will be all his fault;" while, on the other hand, we can hear equally well the dashing belle in the fashionable sleigh, urging her cavalier "not to let the old fogies triumph." But we need not dwell on so familiar a theme, and so we will leave the two couples to enjoy their ride.

PRECAUTIONS AND DEFENCES ON OUR NORTHERN FRONTIER.

Passport System at Detroit and a Naval Steamer on the Lakes.

A CORRESPONDENT from Detroit, Mich., sends us a brace of sketches, one representing the ferryboat Essex landing her passengers at the Detroit and Windsor ferry dock, under inspection from a file of our soldiers, who keep a keen lookout for imperfect or fraudulent passes. The good citizens of Detroit complain that all the ferryboats have been compelled to lay up, except the one above named, from the effects of this rigorous surveillance, the passengers having been decimated, and the commercial intercourse of the place strangled, as by a blockade. Events are constantly occurring, however, beyond our Northern border which significantly indicate the animus of some of our Canadian neighbors, and prove the precaution a wise one.

The other picture represents the U. S. steamer Michigan, the sole representative of our navy on the great lakes. She is of 1,844 tons burden, and carries 16 guns. The President's suggestion, in his late message, about increasing the naval force in this location, and a similar idea entertained by our Secretary of the Navy will recur to the mind in this connection.

MARINE AND LAWTON BATTERIES, Near Savannah, Ga.

MR. CRANE, one of our Special Artists, now with Sherman's army, says:

"Directly opposite Fort Jackson and on the right bank of the Savannah river as you approach the city, stands Battery Lawton. It is a less pretentious earthwork than Battery Lee—mounting seven or eight heavy guns. It is built like all modern earthworks, perfectly bombproof magazine, heavy traverses, and occupies a commanding position."

"In the rear of Battery Lawton and a little below it is situated the Marine Battery. I counted five heavy guns on its water front. The above works, and others on the creeks and rivers in their vicinity, placed as they are, combined with the obstructions and torpedoes, and mounting a very large number of heavy guns, would seem to render the capture of Savannah by its water approaches a matter of extreme hazard, if not an utter impossibility."

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER.

We continue our sketches illustrating the capture of Fort Fisher, and publish portions of a very interesting letter from an officer on board the U. S. S. Saugahanna, describing the bombardment, which was one of the severest ever known:

"OFF CAPE HENRY, Jan. 19, 1865.

"I send with this letter four sketches of incidents in the fight at Fort Fisher."

"On the morning of the 12th inst. the fleet set sail, in line of battle, for Fort Fisher, the transports standing in line inside of the men-of-war. We came to anchor that night about ten miles to the northward of Fisher. Early next morning the whole fleet stood close in shore, about five miles from the fort, the men-of-war formed line of battle, so as to cover the troops, and commenced shelling the woods at eight A.M., the ironclads in the meantime engaging the fort. At a little before nine the flagship made signal for the boats of the fleet to land troops. In a short time the army commenced to disembark, the first boat reaching the beach at half-past nine. The disembarking of the troops was one of the most interesting features of the expedition, upwards of

200 boats, crowded with soldiers, pulling for the beach. After the troops were all landed the fleet steamed up to the fort and opened fire, which was kept up until dark, when the ships retired for the night. This bombardment lasted just one hour. The troops, in the meantime, had marched up the beach, under cover of the gunboats, and encamped for the night about two miles north of the rebel works. On the morning of the 14th the ironclads opened again, and were soon joined by the Brooklyn, Shenandoah and several smaller gunboats, who kept up a continual fire all day."

"At dark the fleet again retired for the night, but the monitors kept firing at long intervals all night. The fort also tried to dislodge our troops, but without success. Next day the fleet got underway early, but did not get into position till eleven A.M. Before going into position the fleet landed a force of sailors and marines to take part in the assault. Then each ship took her position (in the order set down in large drawing) and opened fire on the fort. The drawing shows the large ships of the fleet, which formed the centre of the line, and were flanked by gunboats, while the monitors lay in the rear. After the ships were all in position, and had opened fire, the bombardment was terrific, the guns of the fleet making one continual roar. This was kept up without intermission for nearly seven hours, when the army and navy made the assault."

"With the greatest anxiety the fleet watched the progress of the army as they took possession of mound after mound in succession. We could note their progress by the advance of the flags of the troops, and as the Stars and Stripes were seen to wave over every new mound as it was captured, the cheers of the fleet told the army that we were confident of their success."

"As soon as our Commodore saw what the Mound battery was about, he ordered the 150-pound Parrott rifle trained upon it, telling the captain of the gun to 'Take good aim and fire, for they were firing on the fort.' Bang! went the rifle, and every eye was strained for the result. The shell burst at the gun on the mound, killing some of the men at the gun, and cutting away the flagstaff. 'Well done!' cried the Commodore. 'Now let her have it again.' Again the gun was loaded and trained, and the locking pulled, then came a terrific explosion, and each one looked to see what was the matter. I saw the splinters fly, and thought one of the enemy's shot had struck us at the moment of firing the gun. But as soon as the smoke cleared away we found that the gun was burst, the piece that was blown out of the top of it having struck the fore yardarm, cutting it clean off. Not a man was hurt, however, except a fireman, who got a slight scratch on the head by a splinter."

"When it got dark, and we could no longer see our troops, but could only hear the rattle of musketry, a great many were doubtful about the troops being able to hold their position. At about nine P.M. the musketry ceased, and a rocket from the shore and one from the flagship told us that the fort was ours. Such cheering I never heard as was given at this announcement. Rockets were sent up, blue lights burnt, and everybody seemed for the moment to have gone mad with joy. Each man tried to outvie his fellow in shouting and having a general good time. We took about 2,500 prisoners and 72 guns, 35 of which were disabled by the fire of the fleet. At half-past seven next morning the magazine of the fort blew up, killing and wounding 200 of our men. It is not known what caused the explosion, but it is supposed it was caused by a torpedo placed there for that purpose by the rebels, for there are several of them lying about. Gen. Terry is going to make the prisoners remove them, so that if any one explodes it will kill them and not our own men."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE late King of Prussia once sent to an aide-de-camp, Col. Malachowski, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited 500 crowns; some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which sent you?"

"Excessively, sire," replied the Colonel. "I read it with much interest that I expect the second volume with impatience."

The king smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This book is complete in two volumes."

EVERYBODY has laughed at the way in which Washington Irving relates the famous old lawsuit, wherein each party had to give the other a receipt in full, the constable to pay the costs. We have seen nothing better than this:

A jury in Cohoes, N. Y., rendered the following curious verdict: "The jury find for the defendant, against the plaintiff, \$11; and they also find that Mr. (the plaintiff's main witness) pay the costs."

THE last wicked story of Paris is, that there is a mother—married, of course, very early—who still prides herself on her youth and beauty. She has had differences with her son, who is old enough, at least, to be examined on oath. They both had to state their age in a court of justice.

"Your age, madame?" asks courteous judge.

"Twenty-five," says audacious mother.

A little later the son is in the box.

"Your age, sir," asks justice.

"Why," answers ingenuous youth, "I find, to my astonishment, that I am a year older than my mother."

JUDGE GRIFFITH, on the bench in B—, appointed a crier whose want of sense was more than made up by the size of his voice. A young lawyer at the bar, with more fun than legal lore in him, was fond of playing off jokes upon him. So one day the judge ordered the crier to call James Logue.

The lawyer, stepping behind the crier, whispered "Epi-logue" in his ear.

"Epi-logue!" shouted the crier.

"Mono-logue," said the lawyer.

"Monologue!" cried the crier.

"Pro-logue."

And the crier still cried "Prologue!"

"Dis-logue."

And the pertinacious crier shouted "Dialogue!" at the top of his voice.

Discouraged at hearing no response from the Logue family, the crier turned and said to the Court, sitting in mute astonishment at the stupid crier's calls:

"I've called all the logs in town, and never one of them is here to speak for himself."

A CASE OF LEANNESS.—A remarkable case of leanness is mentioned by Lorry, in a priest, who became so thin and dry in all his articulations, that at last he was unable to go through the celebration of mass, as his joints and spine would crack in so loud and so strange a manner at every genuflection, that the faithful were terrified and the faithless laughed. One of these miserable laths once undertook a long journey to consult a learned physician on his sad condition, and having begged to know, in a most piteous tone, the cause of his desiccation, was favored with the following luminous answer:

"Sir, there is a predisposition in your constitution to make you lean, and a disposition in your constitution to keep you so."

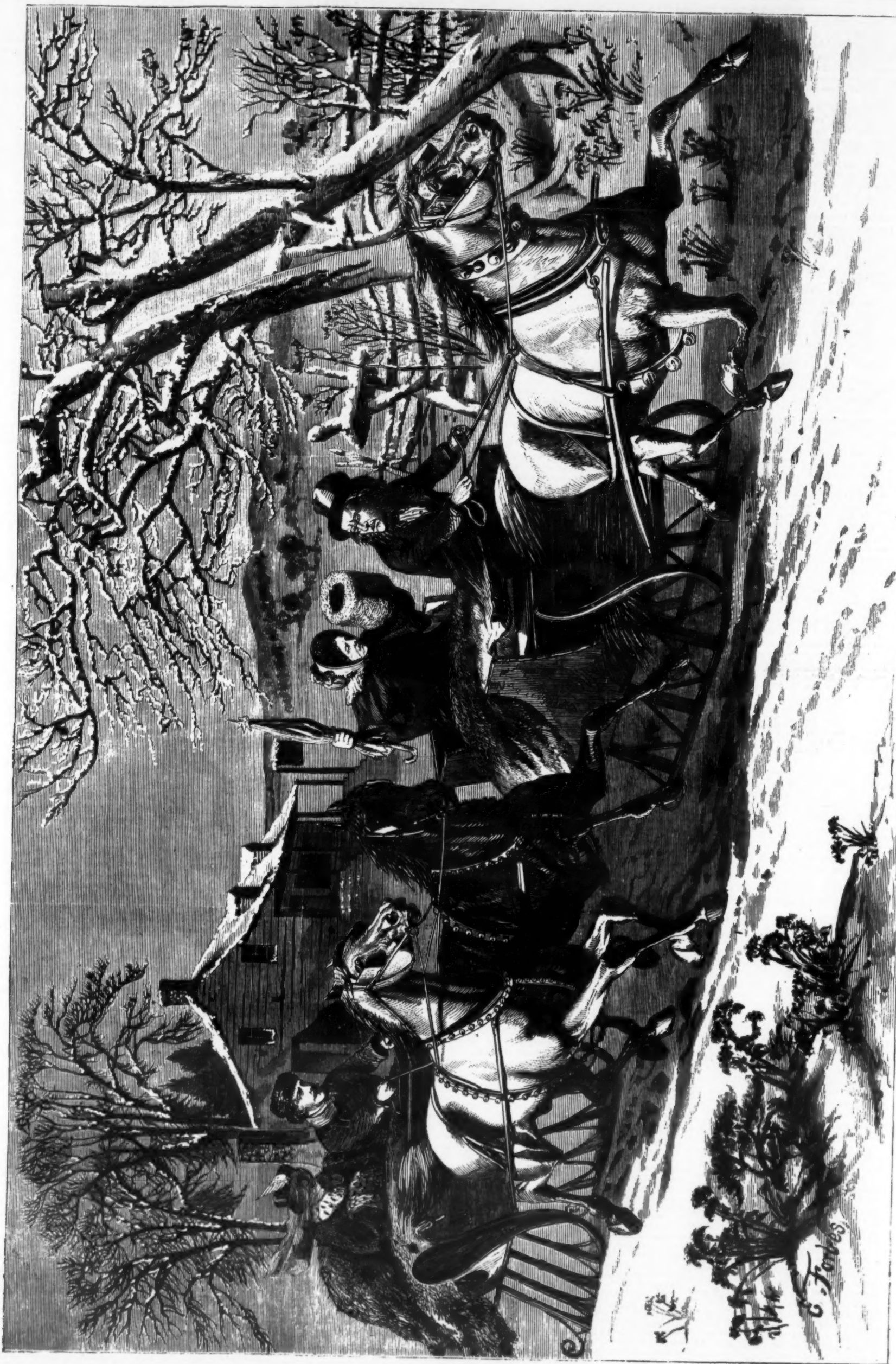
Another meagre patient being told that the celebrated Hunter had fattened a dog by removing his spleen, exclaimed, with a deep sigh,

"Oh, sir! I wish Mr. Hunter had mine."

HOUSE SURGEON—"Ah, by the way, there's Higgins's case; there has been a slight mistake—it was the good leg I cut off."

Visiting Surgeon—"It's of no consequence, we can cure t'other."

HOBACE WATERS, the well-known musician and pianoforte maker of Broadway, has a large assortment of music and musical instruments at his store. Our readers should call on him, and inspect them.



SLEIGHING SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.—"BLOOD WILL TELL."

WARREN LELAND'S OVERLAND TRIP Through the Gold and Silver Regions of North America.

WARREN LELAND has hitherto been celebrated as the pioneer of the California press, and as one of the most successful hotel-keepers on this continent. He has also gained considerable distinction as a farmer; his vegetable and animal specimens fully entitling him to the gold medals of the most exacting horticultural and cattle societies. He must now rank among the most adventurous and extensive travellers of modern times; in fact, within the space of four months, he has travelled twice across the American continent at its broadest parts; visited all the principal points on the route; explored a subterranean city of silver; examined the startling wonders of the regions he traversed; conversed with most of the leading men of the different States through which he passed; had his buffalo, deer, grizzly bear and Indian hunts; hobnobbed with Brigham Young; danced and flirted with his wives, and, to use his own words, fully satisfied himself that this is a great country, and that New York is the biggest and best place in it.

There is something very typical of the American race, that a man of competence, fine taste, surrounded by all the luxuries of modern civilization, and engaged in a most extensive business, should voluntarily dress himself up in a bearskin, travel from New York to Atchison, a pleasant little jaunt of 1,500 miles, from Atchison to Fort Kearney, a mere step of 253 miles, from Fort Kearney to Denver city, a trifle under 400 miles, from Denver city to Salt Lake city, a trifle over 600 miles, from Salt Lake city to Fort Hall, 200 miles, thence to Virginia city, thence to Boise city, 300 miles, to Wallawalla, 350, to Portland, 225, Victoria, Vancouver's Island, 400 miles, thence to San Francisco by steamer, 1,000 miles; but here we must pause, entirely out of breath with these magnificent distances.

The reader must remember, however, that we have only taken Mr. Leland one-half of his journey, since, of course, he has got to come back. We leave to those who are profoundly skilled in arithmetic the task of adding up the sum total. Having given some idea of the distance travelled, let us state the time in which it was done, exactly four months. For our land Columbus left New York on the 15th of September and returned on the 14th of January. From Atchison, Mr. Leland journeyed in one of the light but comfortable and substantial coaches of the Overland stage-line to California.

We cannot help noticing the nonchalant manner with which Mr. Leland treats himself. He is evidently an admirer of Caesar's Commentaries, a work remarkable for the total absence of that fascinating little word, *Ego*.

Our space will only permit us to indulge in a few extracts from Mr. Leland's most interesting journal, with part of which the public are doubtless familiar, since a portion of it was recently published in the N. Y. Herald. Our readers will enjoy the entry dated October 24:

"OCTOBER 24.—Left for Virginia City, Montana Territory. Went on a grizzly bear hunt with Paul Coburn, stage agent, and John Haley, an old mountaineer. After a day's search, encountered an old grizzly at the head of the cañon. The brute showed fight. After using a degree of strategy that would have extorted admiration from Gen. Grant, we finally brought old grizzly down, but not until half a dozen minie balls had penetrated his carcass. Extracted one of his tusks, four inches long, which was awarded to me as a trophy for making the death shot. Found the city flourishing in a high

MR. WARREN LELAND, IN THE COSTUME WORN DURING HIS LATE TRIP AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

degree, with plenty of gold dust, which was the only circulating medium. The city is well supplied with liquor and dance saloons and the usual accompaniments of rich mining towns. Beverages are purchased by scale—that is, a person wanting a glass of whiskey drops a certain quantity of the precious dust, which is weighed out by the saloon proprietor, and any overplus returned to the imbiber. Notwithstanding this slow process the

number of the drinking population in Virginia City does not seem to be less in proportion than where postage currency is the medium of exchange for the ardent."

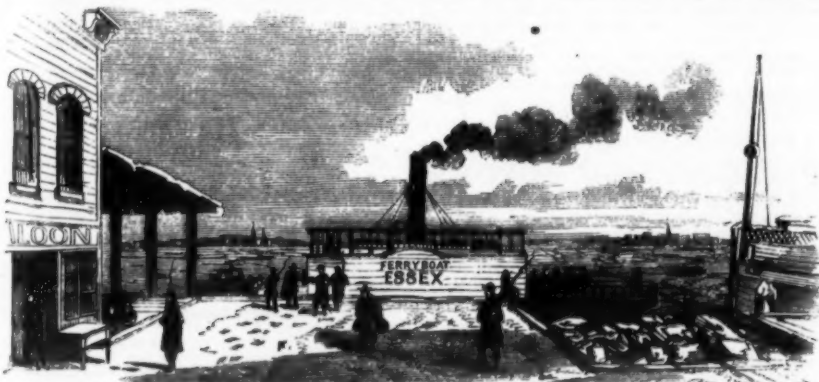
Of a very different description is the thief hunt, which our traveller joined in. We can imagine the look of solid horror which must have come over the genial countenance of that noted epicurean as the savory morsel was

handed to him. We question if he will ever look over his ample bill of fare with out seeing printed in imaginary type, "Roast Horse, flavored with baked Indian, of the Snake persuasion." It is a refinement on the Chinese Blind Puppety Ragout, and the Big Nest Fricassee. Mr. Leland, who is one of the proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel of this city, and of the Union Hotel, Saratoga, knows what a cuisine should be.

"NOVEMBER 4.—Arrived at Half River Station. Here I met a chief of the Snake tribe of Indians, named Yam-Patch, with his two sons, White Ox and Elk Horn. Horse stealers had been committing depredations, and one horse was stolen from this stage station. Yam-Patch and his tribe being friendly to the whites were anxious to have the horse restored, and wanted me to accompany him and his sons to hunt up the thief. Went out about 15 miles to the foot of the mountains, and just inside of the cañon came in sight of the Indian in the act of skinning the horse which he had killed for the purpose of eating the meat. The moment Yam-Patch saw that the thief had killed the horse, he drew up his rifle and fired at the Indian, but missed him. The horse thief returned the compliment by firing at Yam-Patch, the bullet passing through his left arm and into the fleshy part of his side. At this instant White Ox rushed close up to the thief, and fired two charges of shot into his body, killing him instantly, and taking his scalp the next second. I thought the hunt was over, but Yam-Patch insisted on my remaining to see the end. The subsequent scenes were interesting, but shocking to a Christian. Yam-Patch sent his sons off to notify others of the tribe what had happened, and towards night a party of Snakes, with their squaws and paposes, arrived on the ground. Each one then set to work gathering sage brush, and after having accumulated a huge pile upon the body of the dead Indian, set the mass on fire, consuming the body and roasting the horse at the same time. The horseflesh was then distributed in chunks and strips to the famishing Snakes, and a regular savage hullabaloo and horrid war dance was kept up the entire night. I was several times offered a roasted piece of this delicious carcass, but respectfully declined, not so much on account of any repugnance I had to good horseflesh well cooked, but from a decided objection to having the dish flavored with 'baked Indian,' a Snake at that. This performance lasted all night. It was the wildest scene I ever witnessed, or expect to, on or off any stage. Was presented by Yam-Patch's son, White Ox, with the dead Indian's scalp, which pretty toy I intend to carry home with me."

We cannot resist quoting the complimentary greeting he gives to his young nephews, upon the admirable manner in which they keep that splendid hotel, the Occidental. The pride of professional science beams in every word:

"NOVEMBER 25.—Stopped at the Occidental, and was pleased to congratulate my nephews upon the handsome manner in which they were conducting business, and the popularity they enjoyed among the travelling public and the leading citizens of the Pacific States. Bode out to the Cliff House, went to the opera, theatre and minstrels, attended a wedding, visited all the public buildings, saw the big piles of silver bricks and gold bars in the mint and great banking-houses, saw Ruggles and his celebrated sack of flour, visited the vineyards and wine-growing localities, spent a day with Eastern examiners, his well-known Blackhawk stock of horses, visited the newly discovered Pacific Congress spring, witnessed the launching of the first Pacific-built steamship the Del Norte. Tried to find the site of the Pacific News, which I established in 1849—the pioneer sheet of the Pacific coast—but did not succeed, the entire city having been rebuilt and remodelled during the past few years."



ENFORCING THE PASSPORT LAW ON OUR NORTHERN FRONTIER—SCENE AT DETROIT, WINDSOR FERRY DOCK.—SKETCHED BY M. A. BRENNAN.



U. S. STEAMER MICHIGAN, 16 GUNS, THE ONLY NATIONAL WAR VESSEL ON THE GREAT LAKES FROM A SKETCH BY M. A. BRENNAN.



BATTERY LAWTON OPPOSITE FORT JACKSON, ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



MARINE BATTERY IN THE REAR OF BATTERY LAWTON, ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

The next extract will doubtless lead the numerous fair friends of our traveler to tremble either for Brigham Young or for Mr. L. But, we are happy to say, Mr. Leland gazed, with unmoved eye, upon the bevy of beauties before him, and like a second Queen Elizabeth, "passed on in maiden meditation, fancy free!" Whether any of the twenty-three Mrs. Brigham Youngs ever dream of Mr. Leland is more than we can tell.

"DECEMBER 22.—In Salt Lake City attended the annual ball given by Brigham Young to the members of the Assembly and Council, city officials, the church officers, including the twelve apostles, bishops, elders, teachers and brothers, myself being the only Gentile present. About two hundred couples were present. The ball went off elegantly, a fine band of music, ladies well dressed, and everything arranged according to the highest scale of the fashionable code regulating such entertainments. The ball-room was spacious, and also the supper-room adjoining. Prayers were uttered previous to partaking of the feast, which was one creditable to the gastronomic tastes of those concerned. The entertainments of the evening were diversified by music upon a grand piano, one of Brigham Young's numerous daughters officiating at the instrument, accompanied by two of her sisters in vocal efforts. Brigham Young had twenty-three of his wives present, to all of whom I was introduced, and danced with six different ones. The ladies were all cheerful and happy, their religious zeal apparently making them unconscious of the peculiarity of their domestic situation. At supper Brigham requested all his wives and daughters, sons-in-law and sons, with their numerous wives and daughters, to occupy seats at one long table, in order, as he remarked, that 'Mr. Leland might see what a large and happy family he had.' I looked, bowed and blushed. Brigham is a hale, hearty, gay old gentleman, 64 years old, and apparently has many years and a long line of progeny still before him."

One more extract and we have done. It reads more like a passage in a fairy tale than a sober fact of the 19th century:

"DECEMBER 12.—In Virginia city stopped at the International Hotel: met a number of prominent bankers, miners, merchants and capitalists, and spent an entire day in the Ophir silver mine. Descended 600 feet into the mine, the appearance being literally like that of a silver city under ground, with 'drifts,' 'roadways,' resembling the streets and lanes of a city—the sparkling ore on all sides reflecting our lights, and presenting altogether a dazzling appearance, at once a matter of fact and scene of enchantment. Traveled four or five miles in this wonderful subterranean region in company with Mr. A. E. Davis, President of the Ophir Company. Mr. Davis assured me that the appearances here were but the counterpart of those in several other large mines on the Comstock lode."

Our picture of Mr. Leland represents him in his travelling suit—a dress every one must envy him during this cold weather.

Soldiers of the Union!

Read the following Letters received from your comrades as endorsements of the

WORLD KNOWN AND WORLD TRIED REMEDIES, KNOWN AS PROF. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force. SEE TO YOUR HEALTH! All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay. YOUR LIFE IS VALUABLE! Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

35 cents, 88 cents, or \$1 40,
Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.
The following are a few specimens of genuine letters on file for inspection at this office. Copies sent by mail to any inquirer.

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
39th Illinois Volunteers,
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 2, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:
Sir—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies.
Address Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., Nov. 7, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR—I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in the need of them till now, I want to try them, as diarrhoea is very prevalent at the present time; send me the worth of the enclosed. Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH, Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tenn., Nov. 6, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR—Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek cure. Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER, Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 1, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:
Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar 'or Pills. I have diarrhoea, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills. Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt. Penn. Vols.,
Morris Island, S. C.

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For Twenty Pictures, and sold at
ONE DOLLAR.
The cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.
Sent by Mail to any address, postpaid, on receipt of One Dollar.
CHAS. HUGHES,
Album Manufacturer, 102 Centre street, N. Y.

Agents Wanted at Military Rendezvous to sell BITTER'S PATENT PORTABLE DESK and CHECKERBOARD combined, carried in the Knapsack, weighs only 12 oz., contains 20 writing and sewing articles for Soldiers, Sailors, Miners, etc. Sample free by mail for \$2 00.
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The Best Gold Pens in the World!

On receipt of the following sums, we will send, by mail, or as otherwise directed, a Gold Pen or Pens, selecting the same according to the description, namely:

GOLD PENS, IN SILVER PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For \$1 No. 3 pen; for \$1 25 No. 3 pen; for \$1 50 No. 4 pen; for \$2 No. 5 pen; for \$2 25 No. 6 pen.

These pens are stamped THE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and fine writing Gold Pens, with good aridum points, although they are unwarranted, and cannot be exchanged.

Our name (American Gold Pen Co., N. Y.), is stamped on all our 1st quality Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident. Our second quality Pens are all stamped THE NATIONAL PEN, the initials of our Firm (A. G. P. Co.), and are carefully made, having the same points as our first quality Pens, the only great difference being in the quality of the gold.

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For \$2 00 a No. 1 pen 1st qual., or a No. 2 pen 2d qual. For \$2 25 a No. 2 pen 1st qual., or a No. 3 pen 2d qual. For \$2 75 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual. For \$3 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual. For \$4 50 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual. For \$5 50 a No. 6 pen 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SOLID SILVER OR GOLD PLATED EBONY DESK HOLDERS AND MOROCCO CASES.

For \$2 25 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual. For \$2 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual. For \$3 20 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual. For \$4 00 a No. 6 pen 1st quality. For \$5 50 a No. 7 pen. For \$6 75 a No. 8 pen. For \$12 00 a No. 13 pen; all first quality.

Our Pens rank throughout the country as equal—if not superior—to any Gold Pens manufactured, not only for their writing qualities, but durability and elegant finish. The greatest care is taken in their manufacture, and none are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill can detect.

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A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direct poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called liquors are impure, and all the Tones containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery action containing *arsenic* or *arsenic* oil, a mortal poison; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, anti-bilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonic advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.
Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
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French fancy VALENTINES for Gentlemen, sent by mail, postpaid, for \$1; or twelve for \$5. Address
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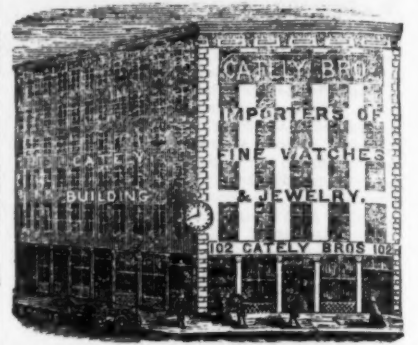
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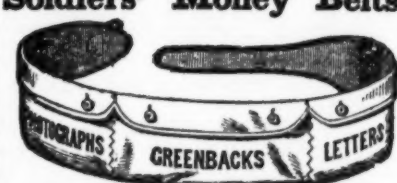
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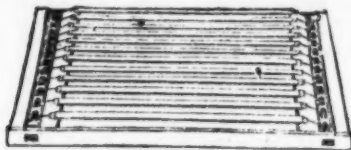
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